LOS DESASTRES DEL GOLF

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Los Desastres del Golf

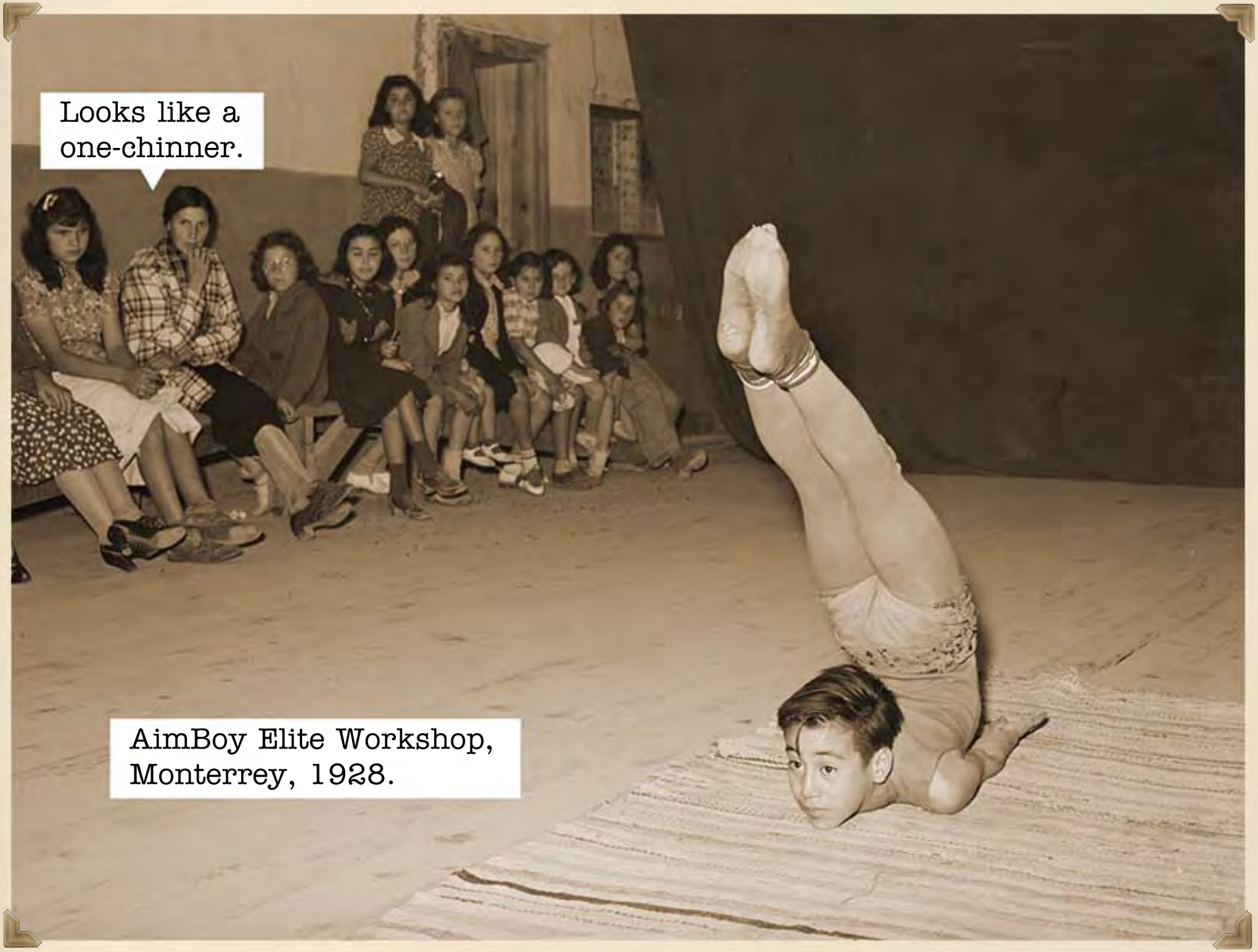
Coleccion de ochenta láminas inventadas y grabadas al agua fuerte

Publícala la R.l Academia de Nobles Artes de San Andrés.

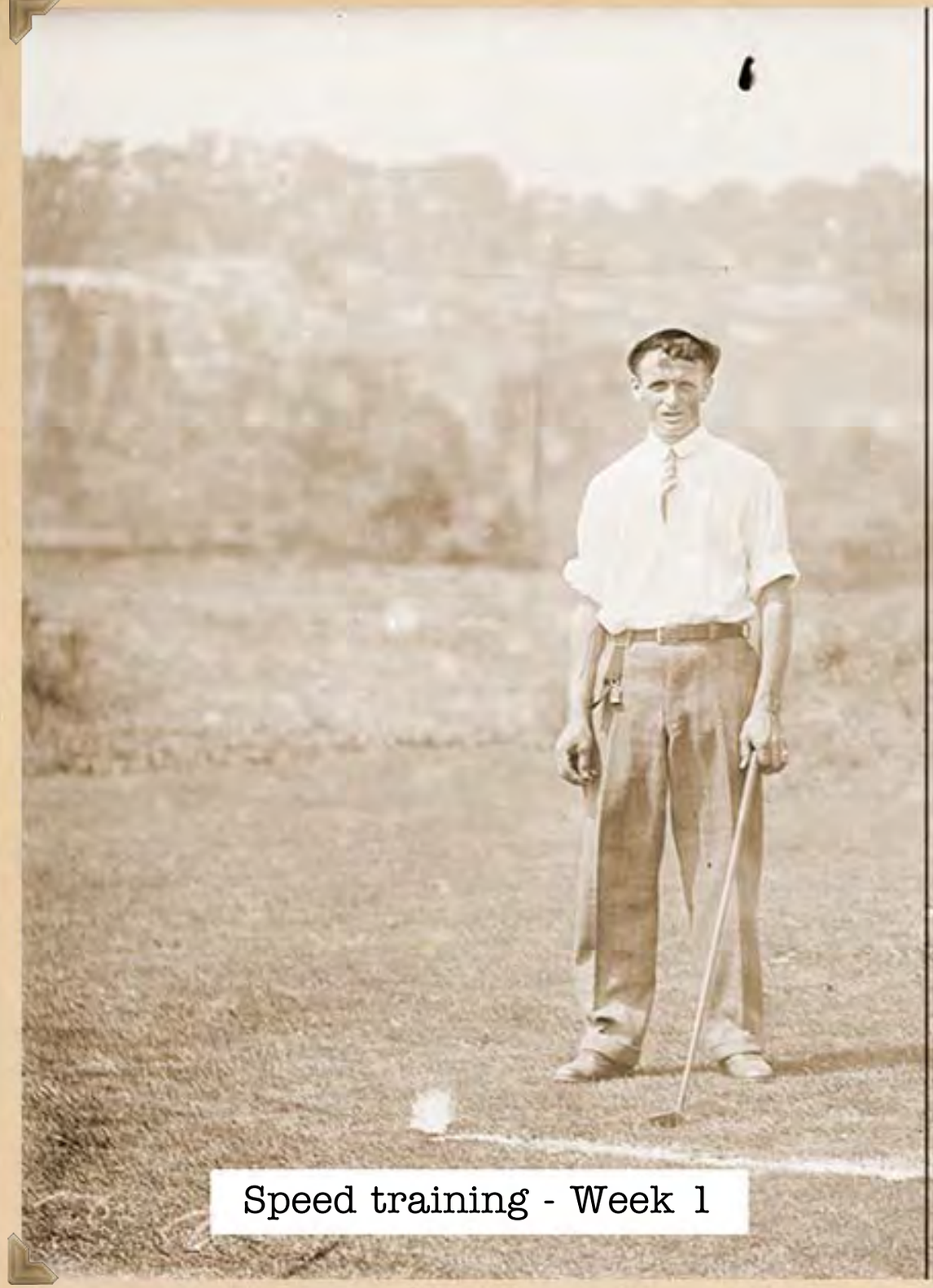
Para Señor Jon Rahm

1930

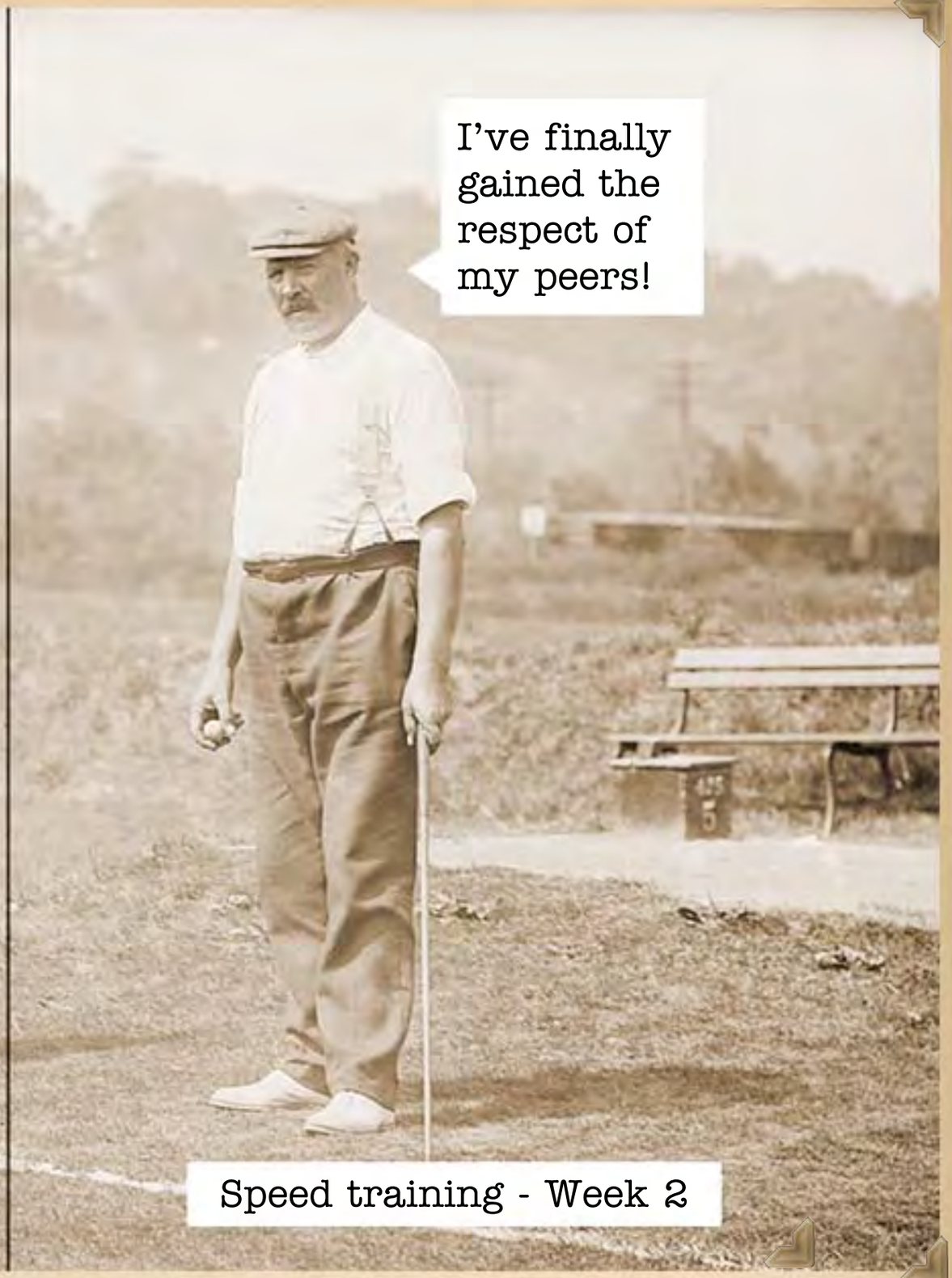
1. Malos sueños.



AimBoy Elite Workshop, Monterrey, 1928.



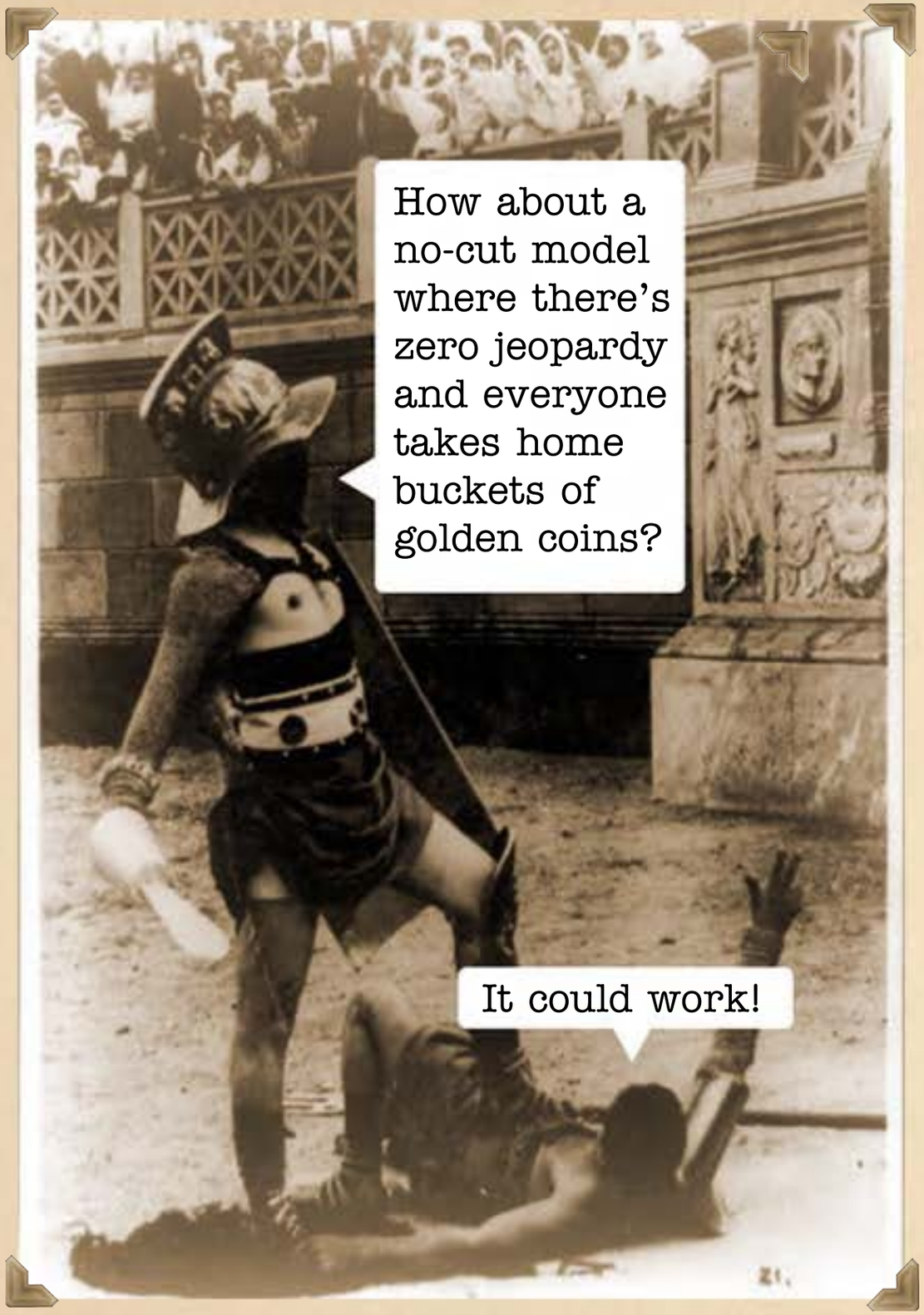
Speed training - Week 1



Speed training - Week 2

No, I like it. It gives the impression of impregnability, like nothing will ever threaten or challenge your monopoly on power and influence.

4. La castilla.



5. El pueblo no quiere esto.

6. Nosotros hacemos muchas cosas.

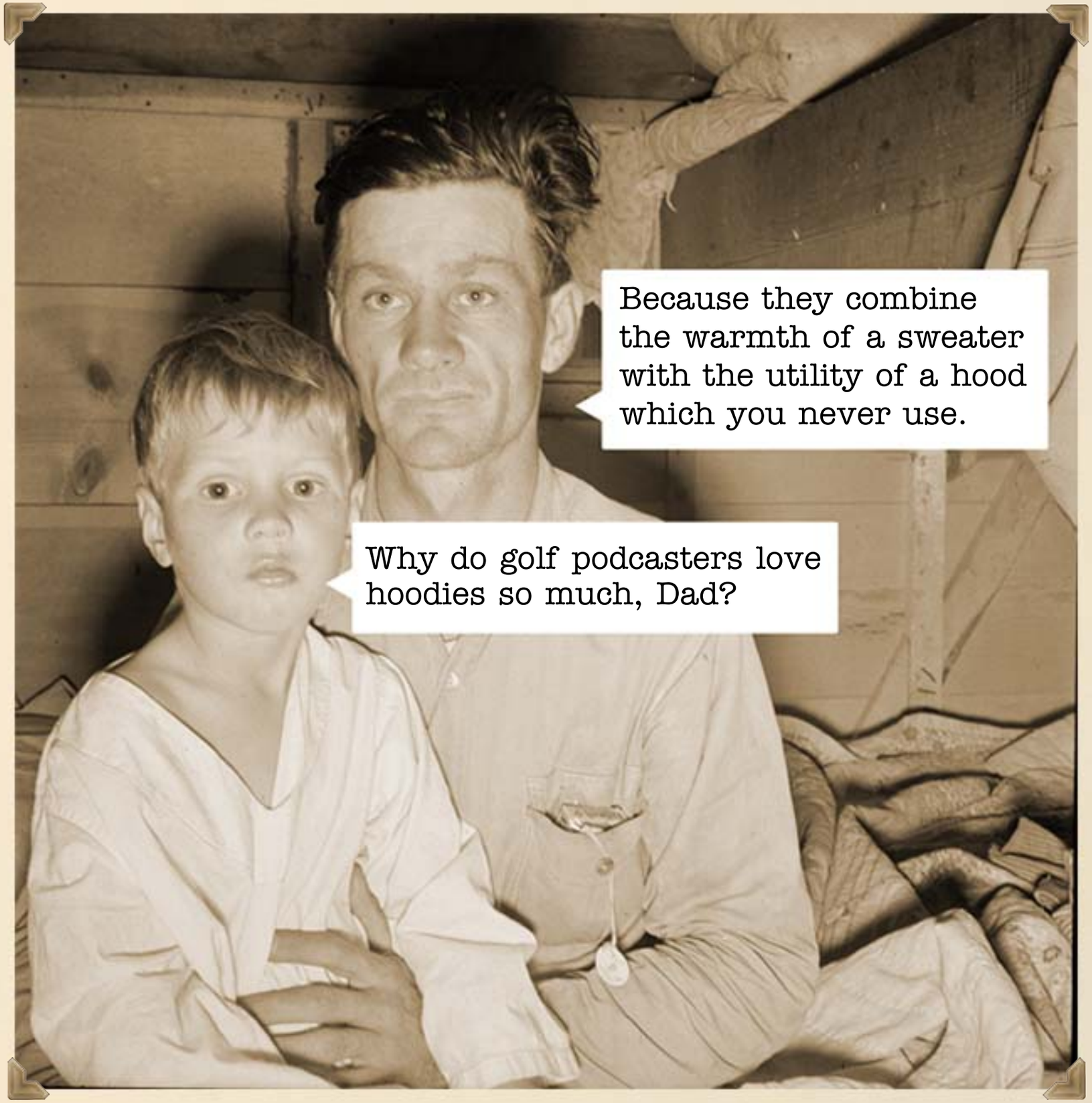
7. No juegues de forma conservadora.

This modern obsession with green speeds is absolute insanity.

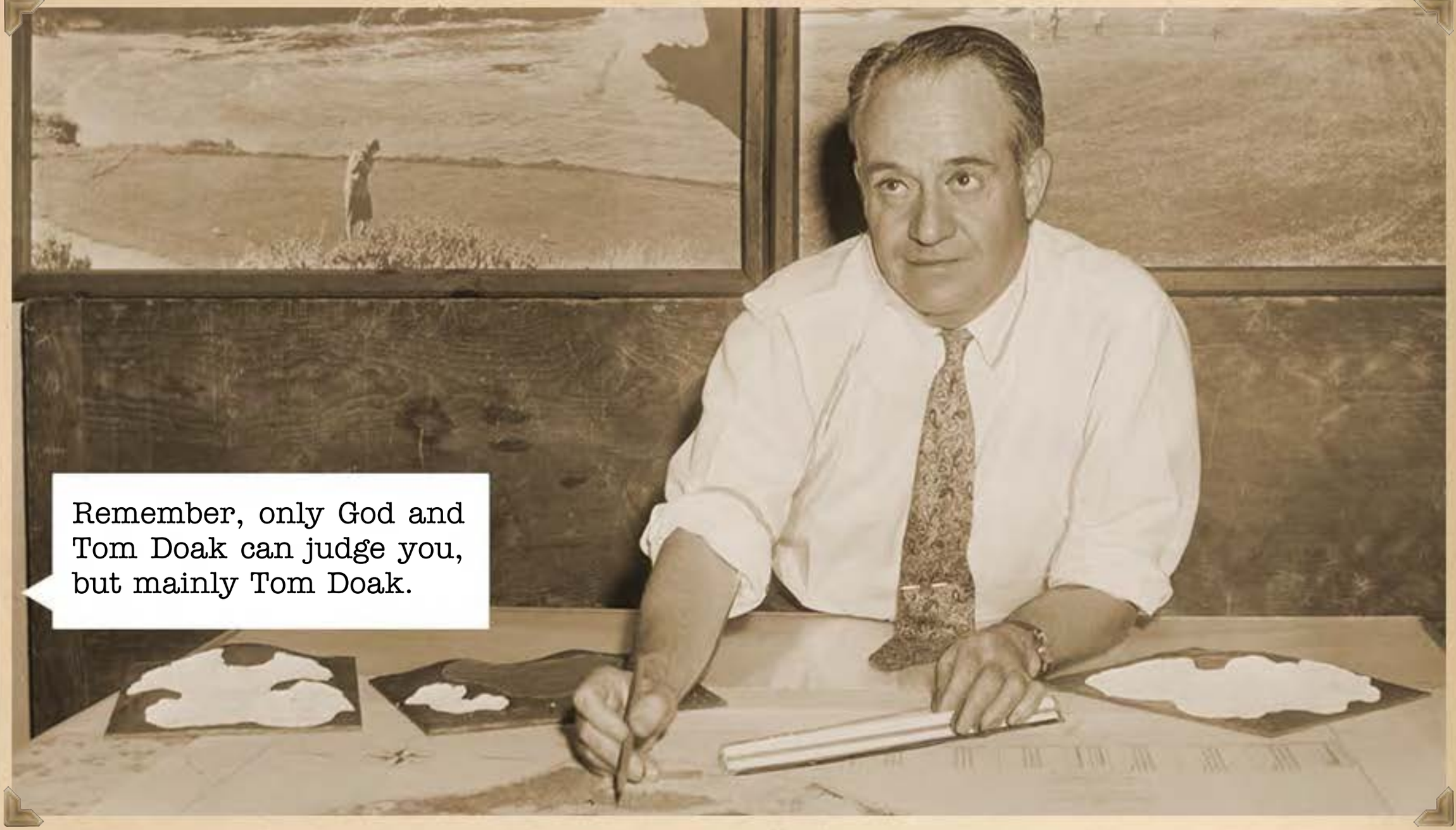
Seamus says he's got them up to 2 on the stimp.

8. Más rápido, más rápido!

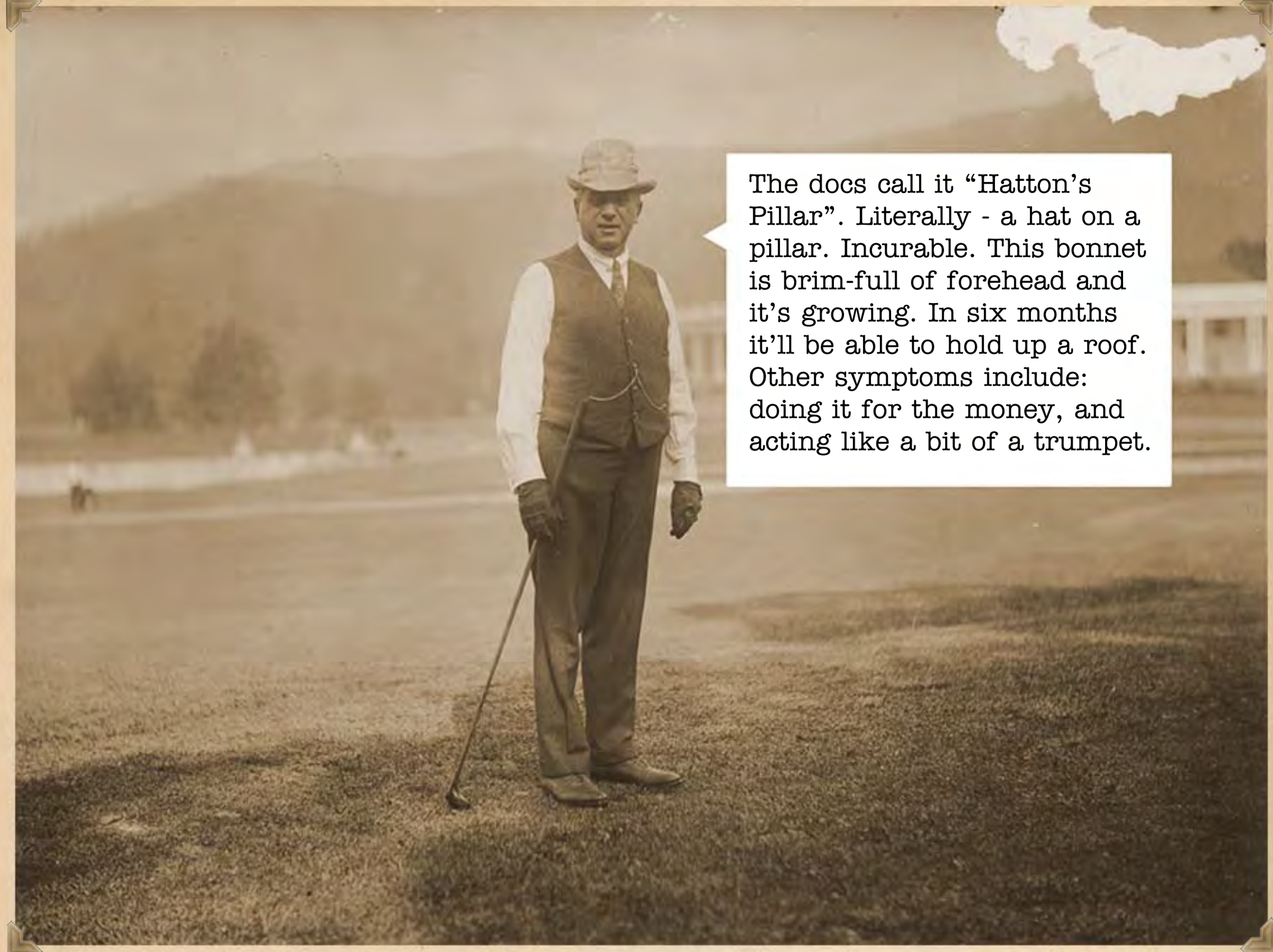
9. El cuarto hoyo en El Paso.


Why do golf podcasters love hoodies so much, Dad?
Because they combine the warmth of a sweater with the utility of a hood which you never use.

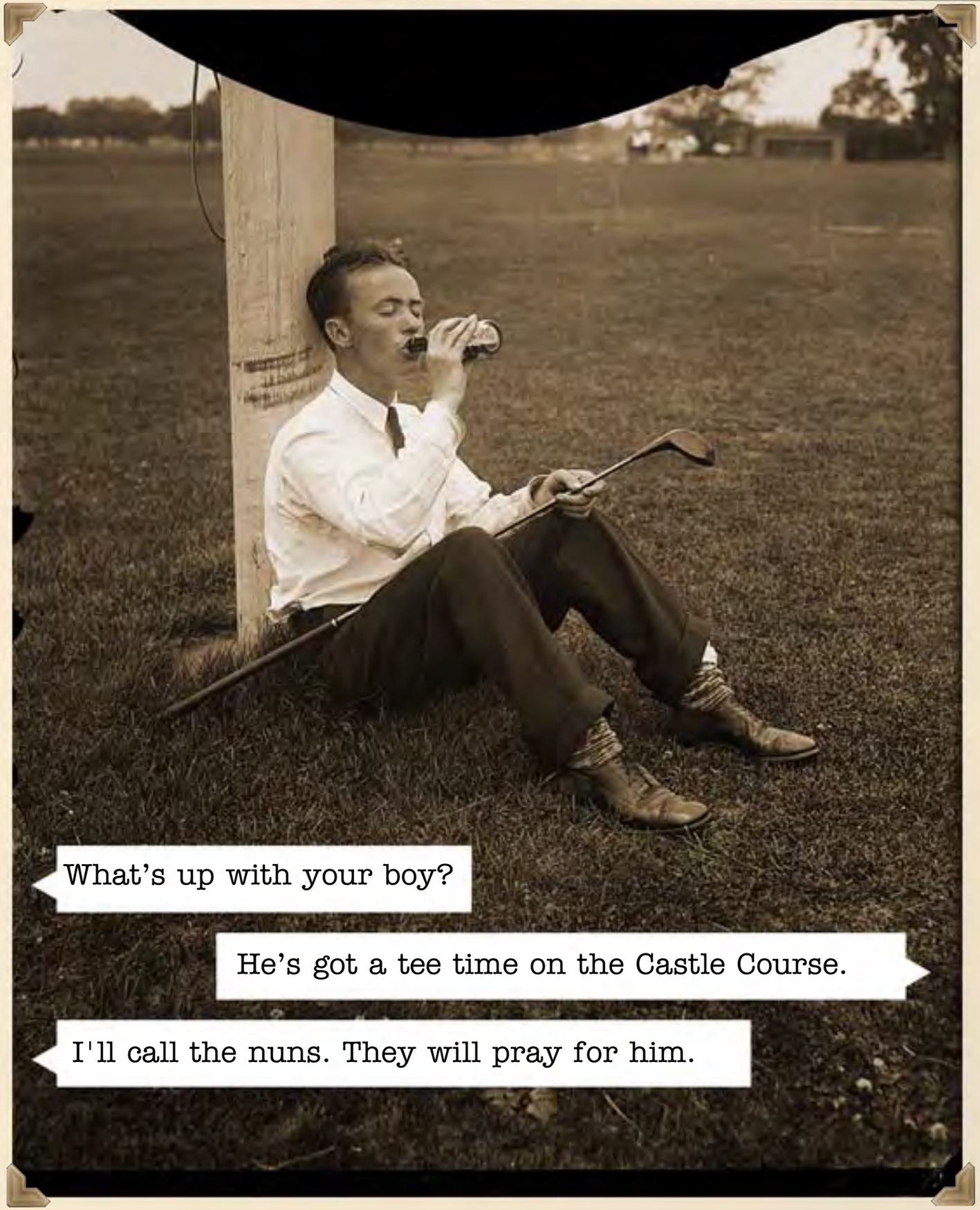
10. Gente muy práctica.


Remember, only God and Tom Doak can judge you, but mainly Tom Doak.

AimBoy Elite Plus Workshop,
Monterrey, 1928.


The docs call it “Hatton’s Pillar”. Literally - a hat on a pillar. Incurable. This bonnet is brim-full of forehead and it’s growing. In six months it’ll be able to hold up a roof. Other symptoms include: doing it for the money, and acting like a bit of a trumpet.

13. Grande no siempre es mejor.



14. No se puede hacer nada.

Have you heard? A so-called golf expert called Hollins is butchering the new 4th. There's talk now of "strategy" and "choice" off the tee. It's a farce! The man needs a firm rebuke and a strong dose of common sense.
Easy, Marion.

15. Ella la escucha.

16. Muchos personas dicen esto.

17. El invierno no llega.

Speed training - Week 3

Speed training - Week 4

You can see it's growing.
But only to lower-shin level.
Ponte Vedra Nurseries, Florida.

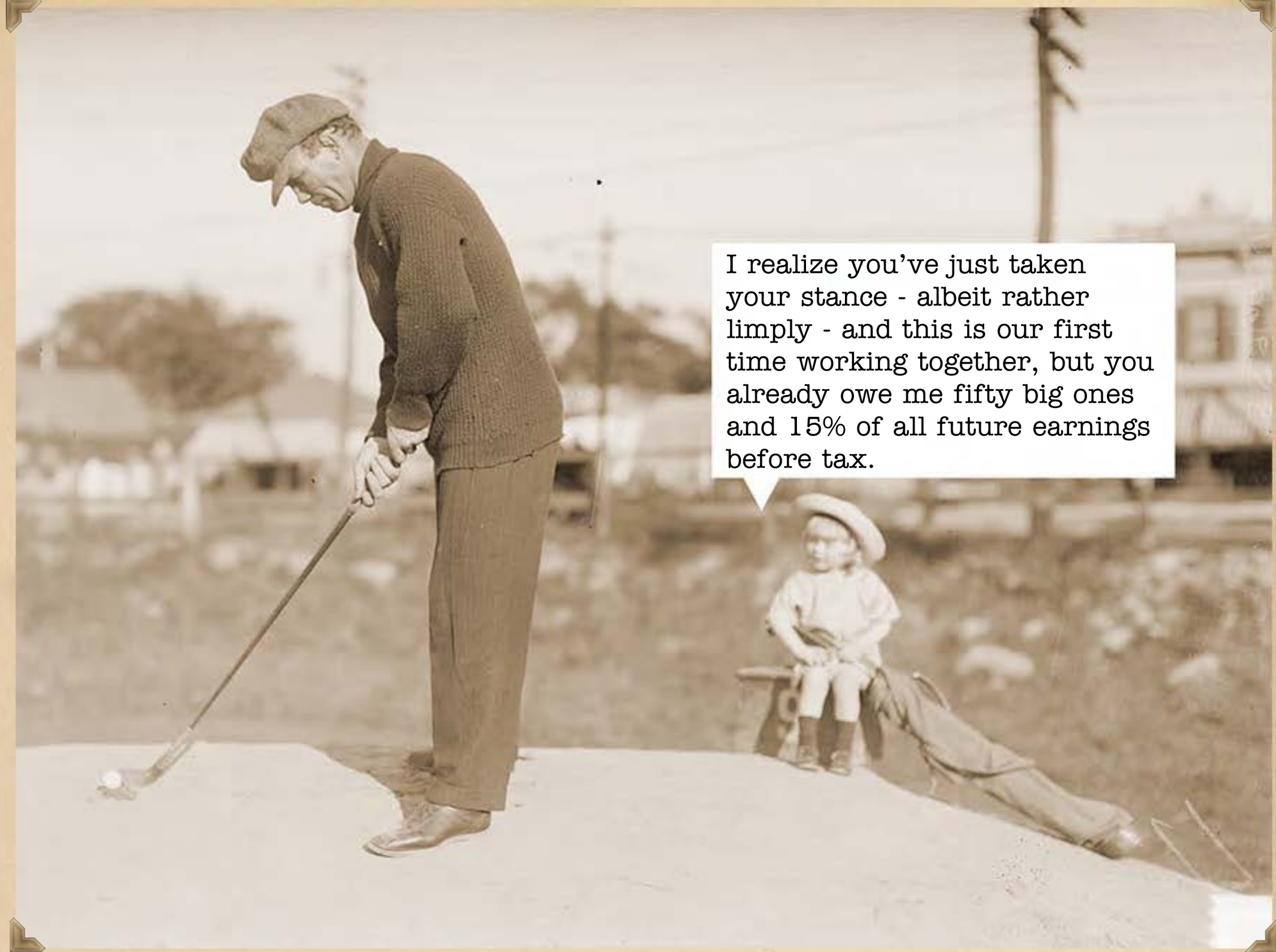
19. No crece.

Listeners, I implore you. Stop playing the “hoodie” drinking game. We recently lost a dear friend of the show after he imbibed 43 shots of carport mezcal during Wednesday’s podcast.
Pound those pearly fairways, Big Mike.
Columbia

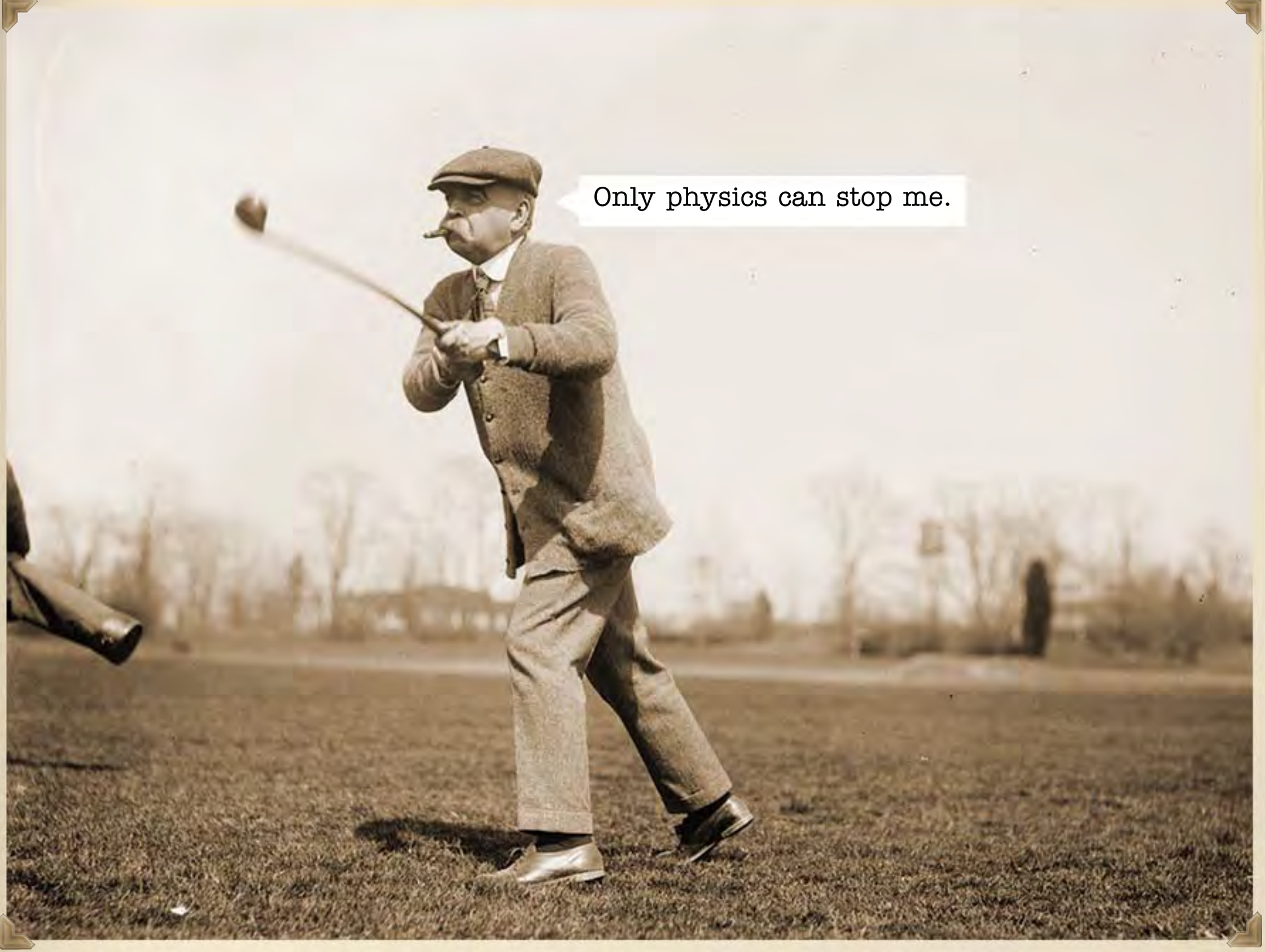
20. Espiró sin remedio.

21. Él está solo.

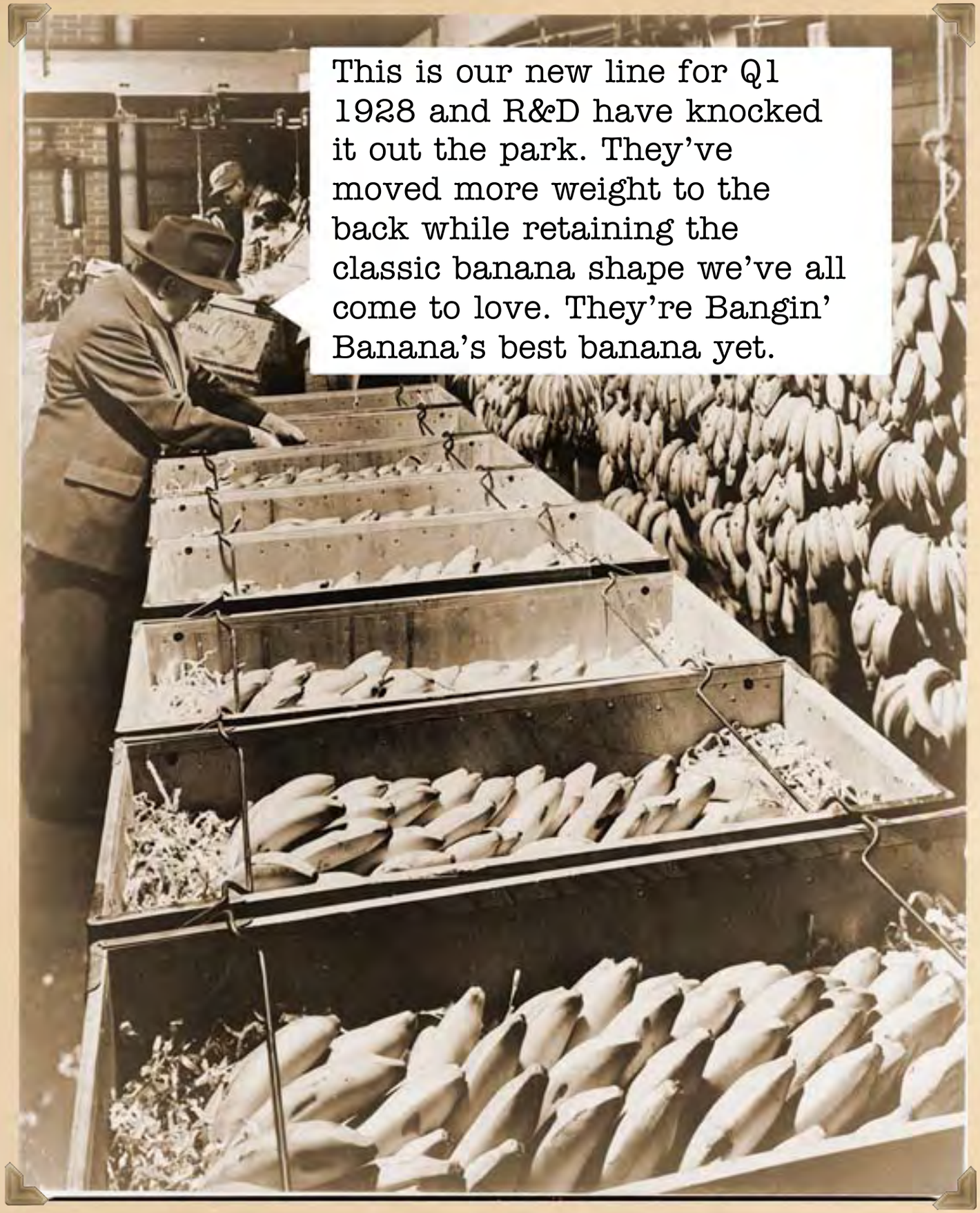
22. La neuva casa.


I realize you've just taken your stance - albeit rather limply - and this is our first time working together, but you already owe me fifty big ones and 15% of all future earnings before tax.

23. Tienen la barriga llena.

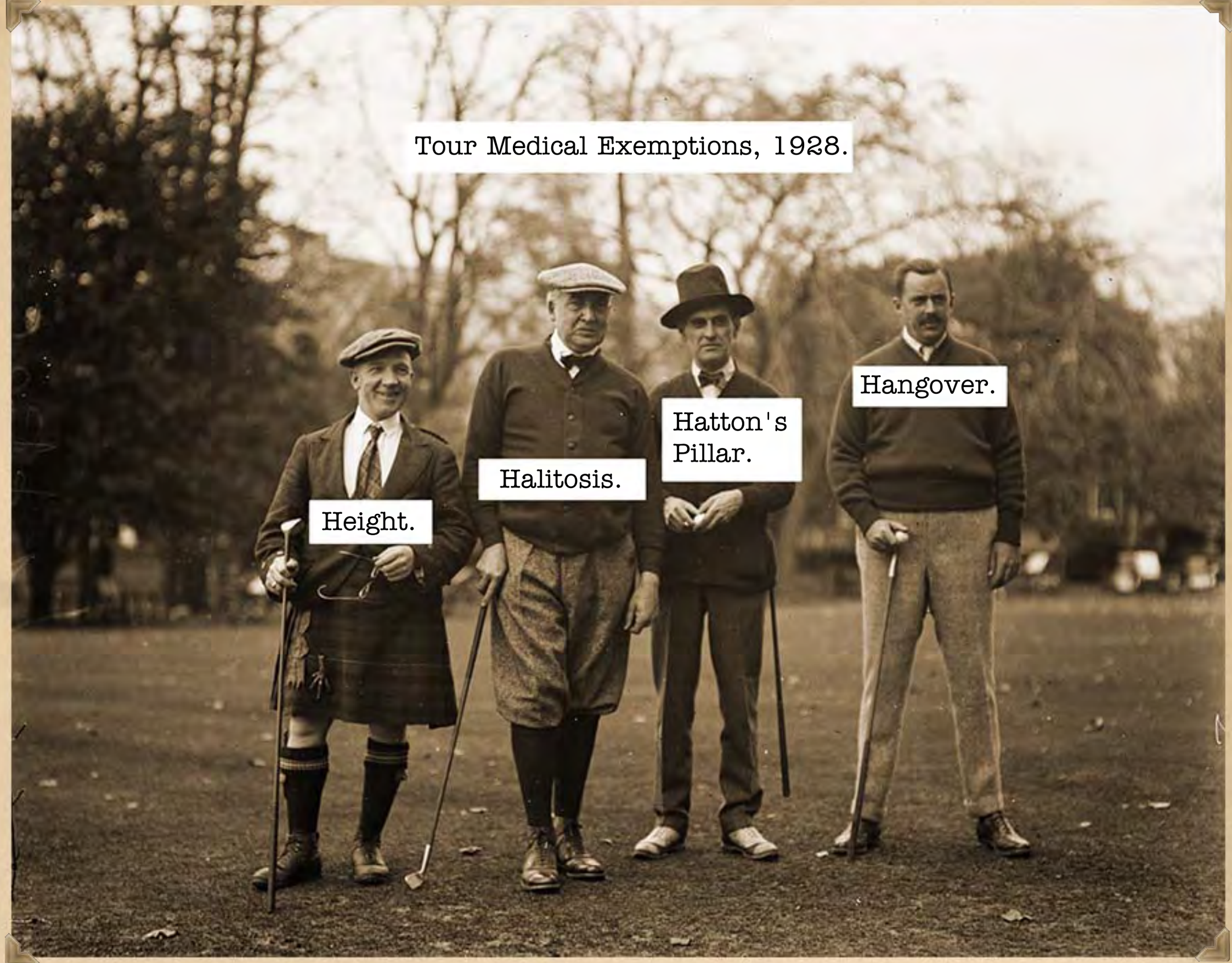


24. Él morirá pronto.


This is our new line for Q1 1928 and R&D have knocked it out the park. They've moved more weight to the back while retaining the classic banana shape we've all come to love. They're Bangin' Banana's best banana yet.

25. Ellas son las mismas.

AimBoy Elite Plus XL Workshop, Monterrey, 1928.

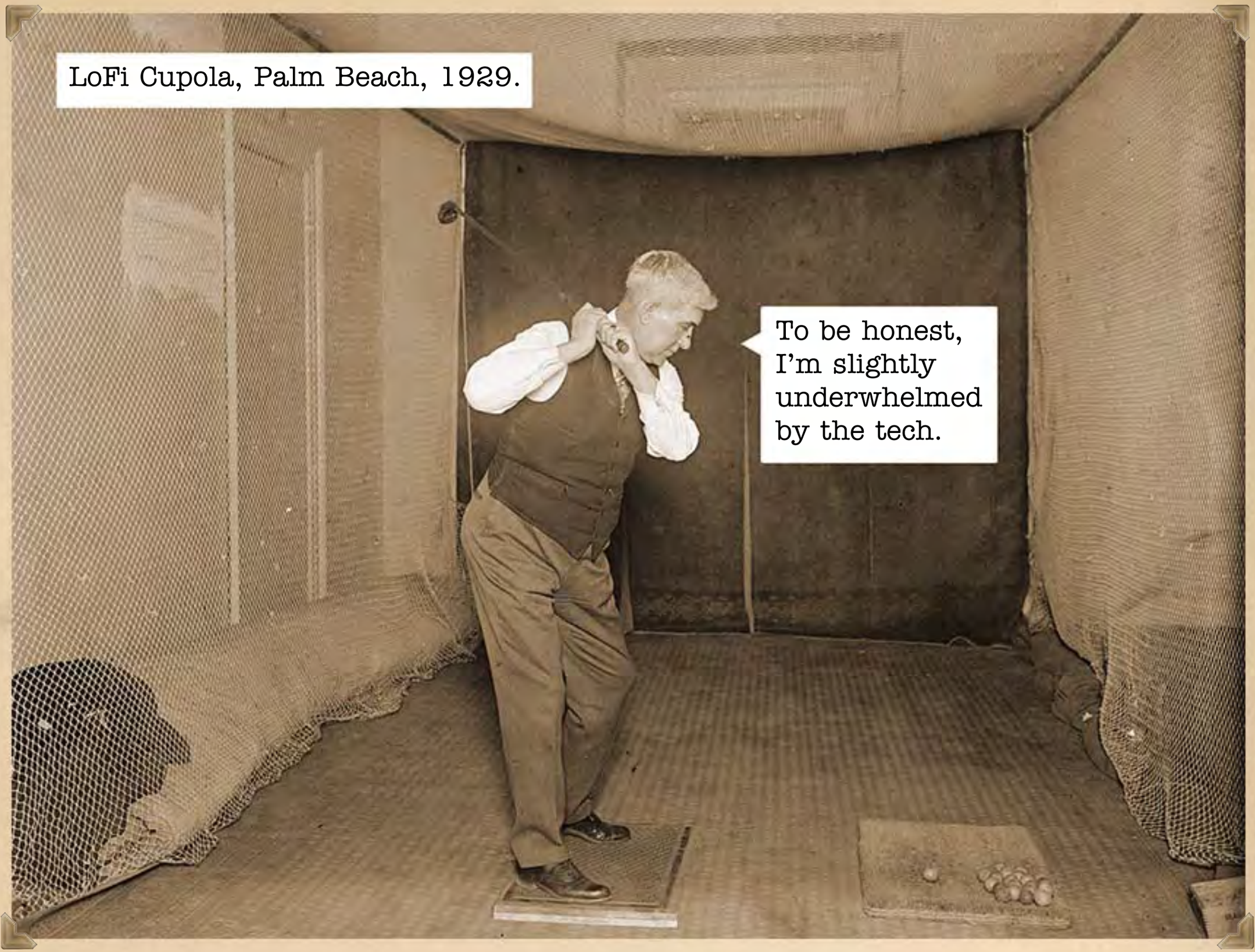


27. Ellos estan enfermos.

28. No quiere.

29. Ellas lo esperan.

30. Ella no está conectada.



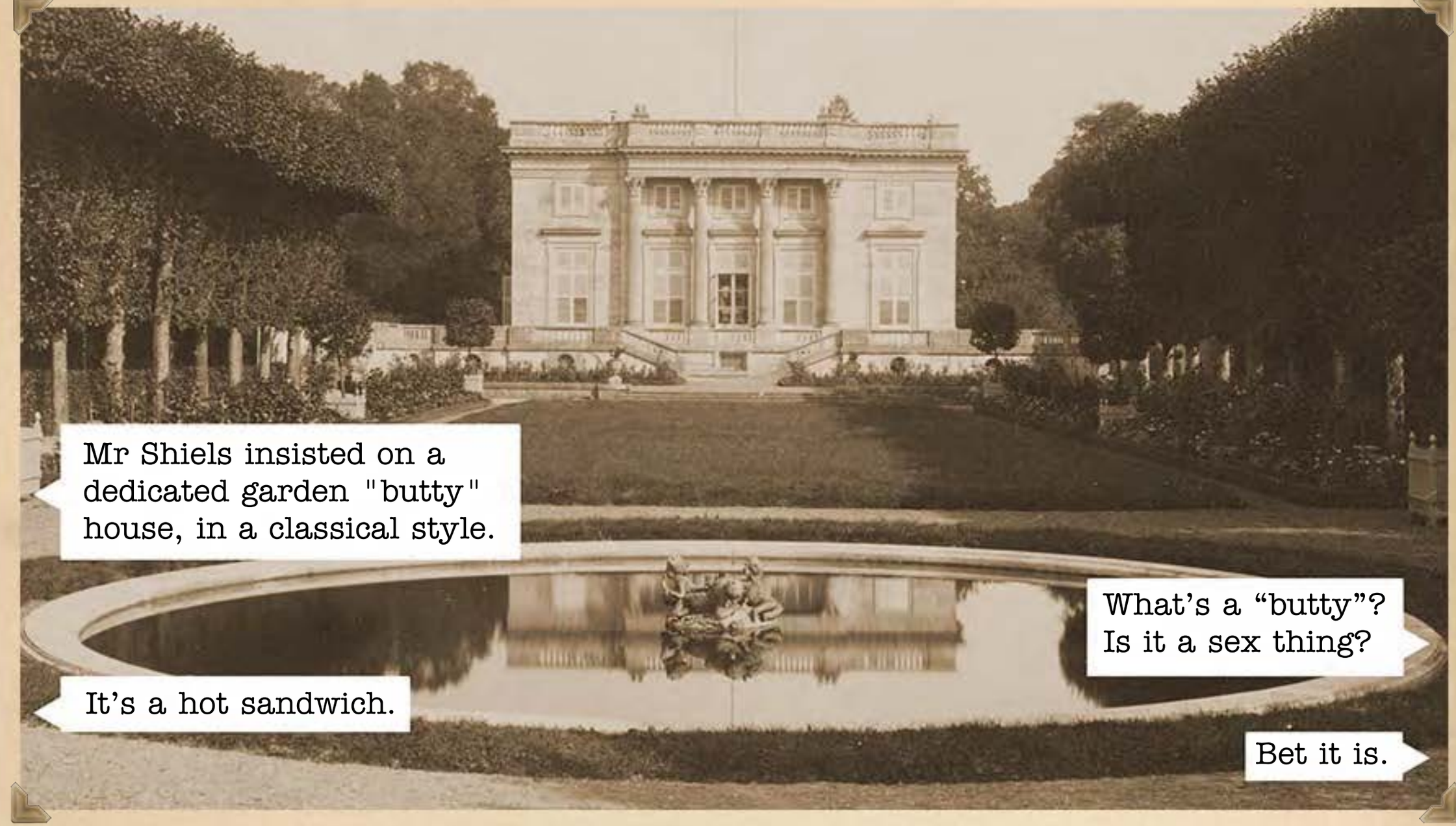
31. Demasiado temprano.

I can already taste the Peach Cobbler.

Mr President, I said to them:“I love the Old Course but you just have to move those tees back - perhaps some on to sea platforms, build a brutal hotel and install a patio in an historic spot for impromptu barbecue action. Give the folks brisket then some sweet dessert."

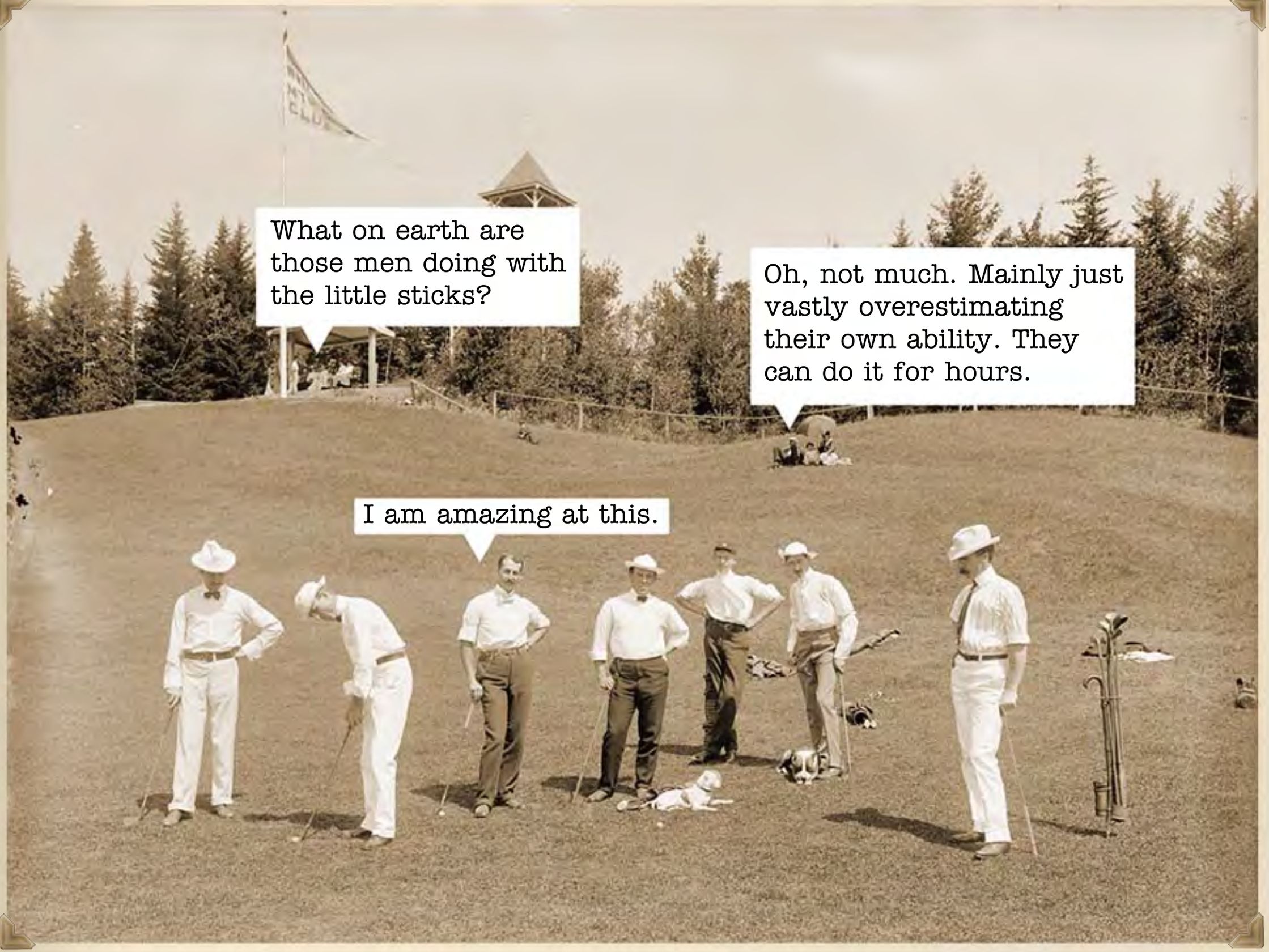
33. Ellos son suéteres pero tienen capucha.

Excuse me while I wash the sport right out of this green. Relax, I'm being well paid for it so it's fine.


Mr Shiels insisted on a dedicated garden "butty" house, in a classical style.
It's a hot sandwich.
What's a "butty"? Is it a sex thing?
Bet it is.

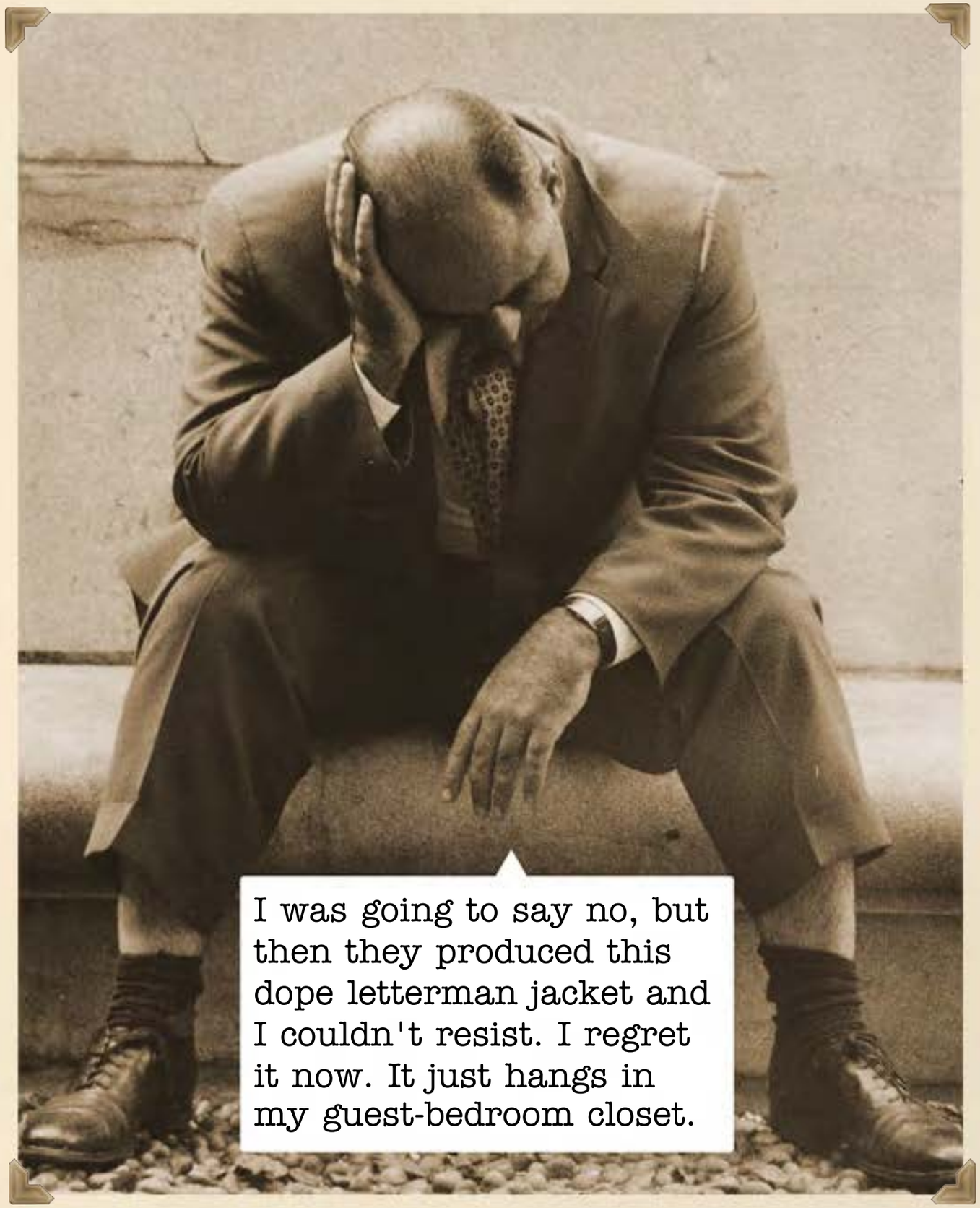
36. Duro es el paso.

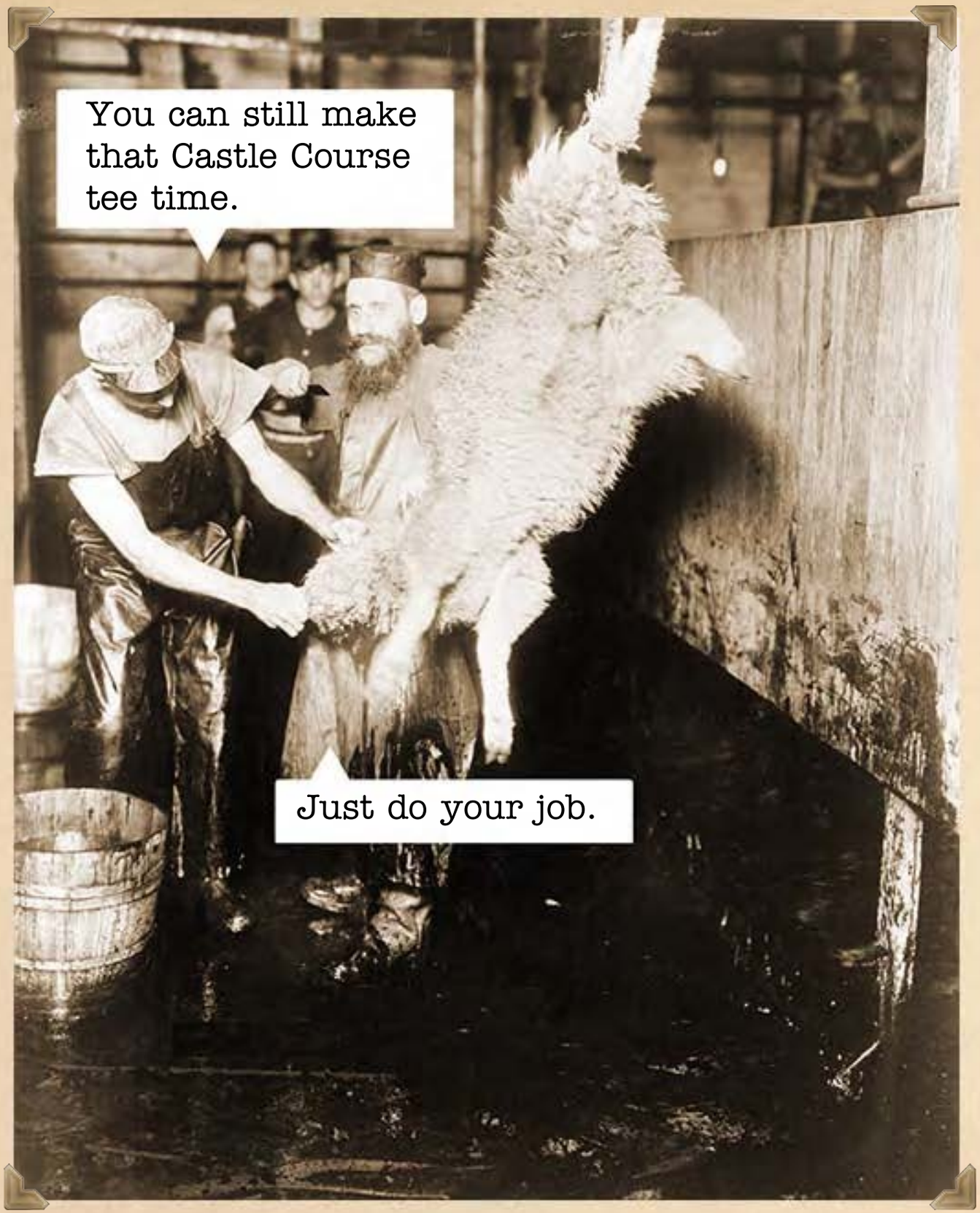
Pro and his team at the 1867 Bangin' Banana. T74(MC).


What on earth are those men doing with the little sticks?
Oh, not much. Mainly just vastly overestimating their own ability. They can do it for hours.
I am amazing at this.

38. En sus mentes.

39. Él no está feliz.

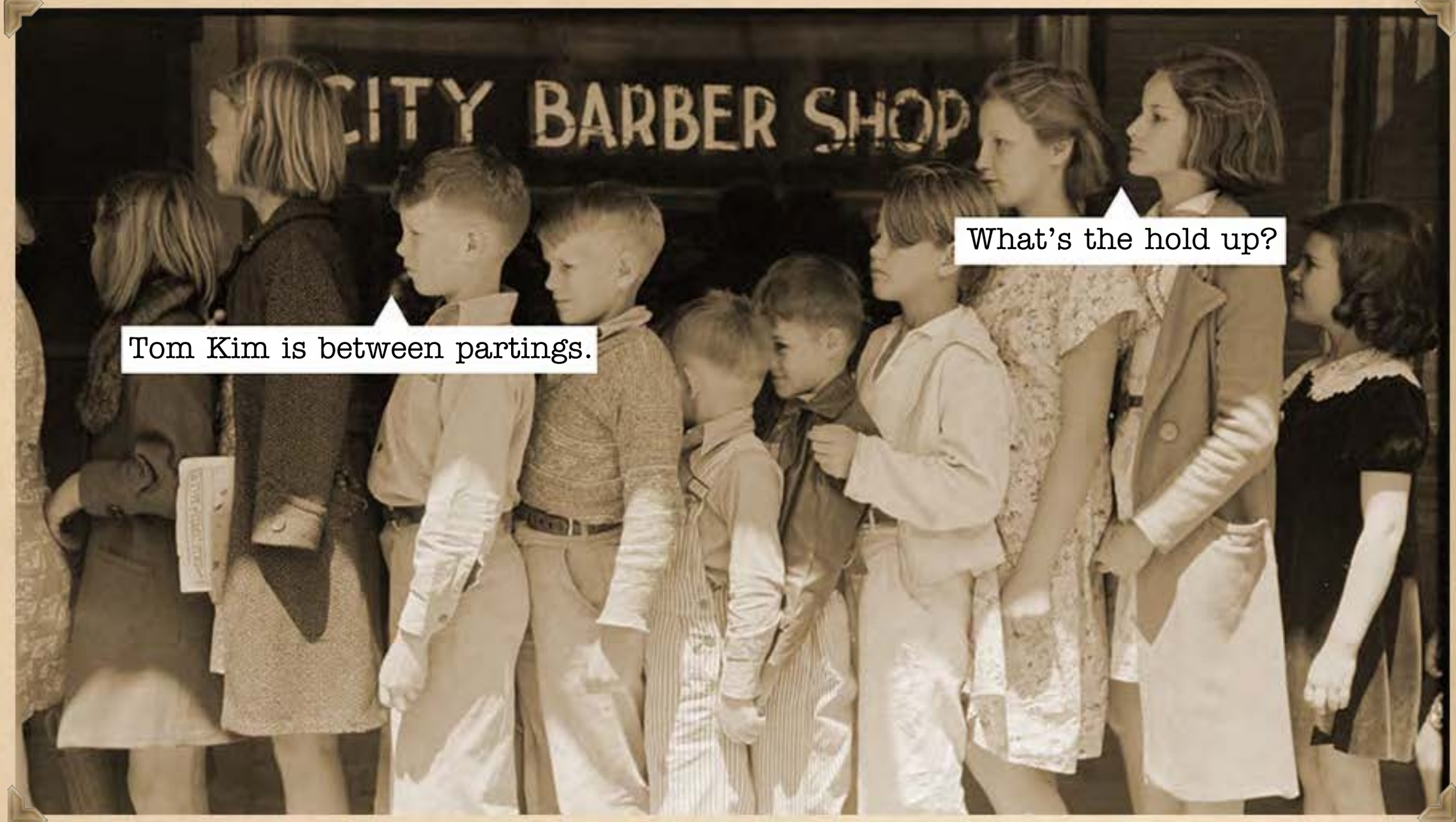

I was going to say no, but then they produced this dope letterman jacket and I couldn't resist. I regret it now. It just hangs in my guest-bedroom closet.



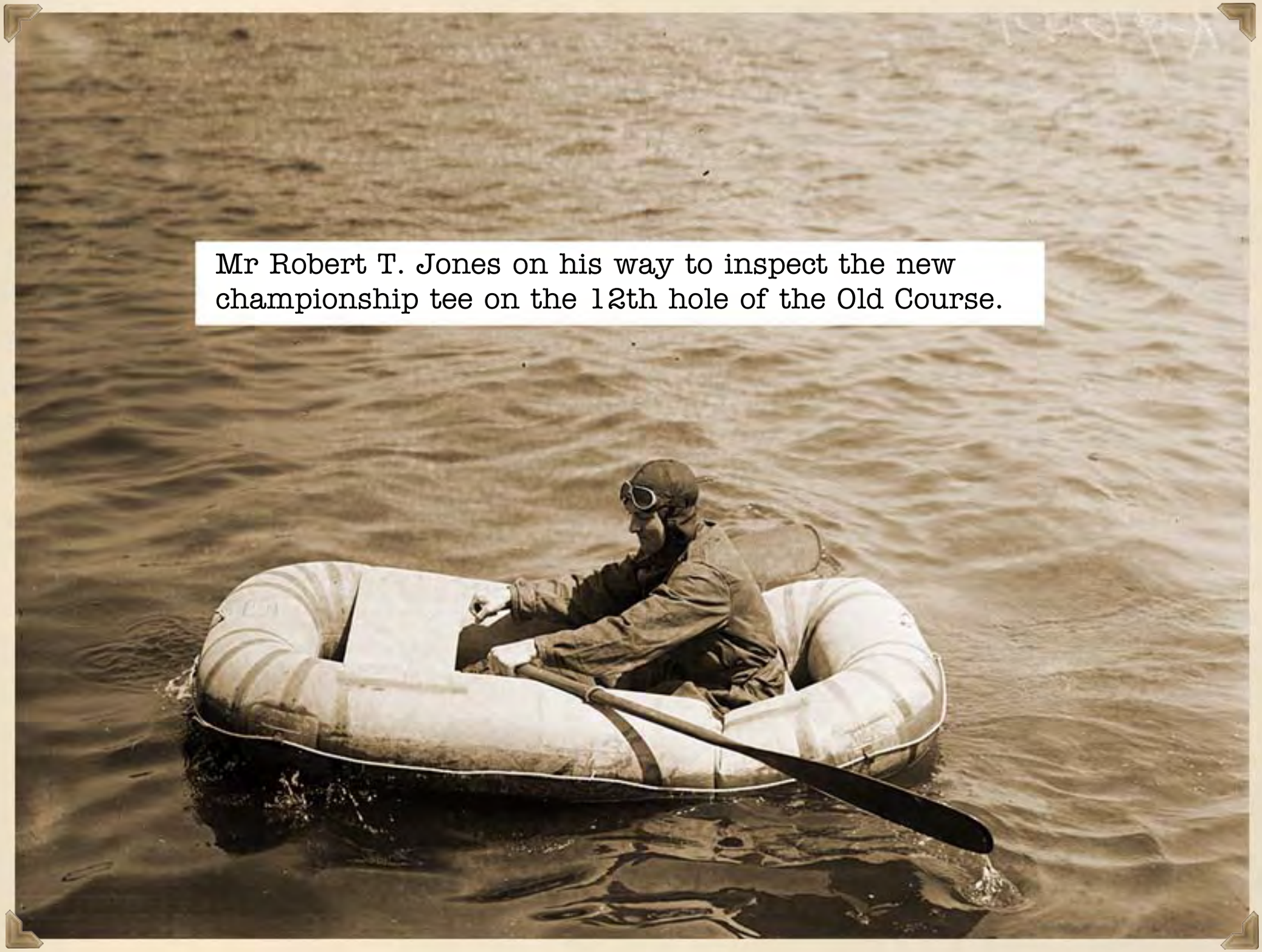
41. Ella ha perdido la esperanza.

I’m selling my home and buying stocks in this company. My wife, six kids and pets are completely behind me.
Zero torque is the future. People will remember 1929 as the year putting changed forever. It can't fail.

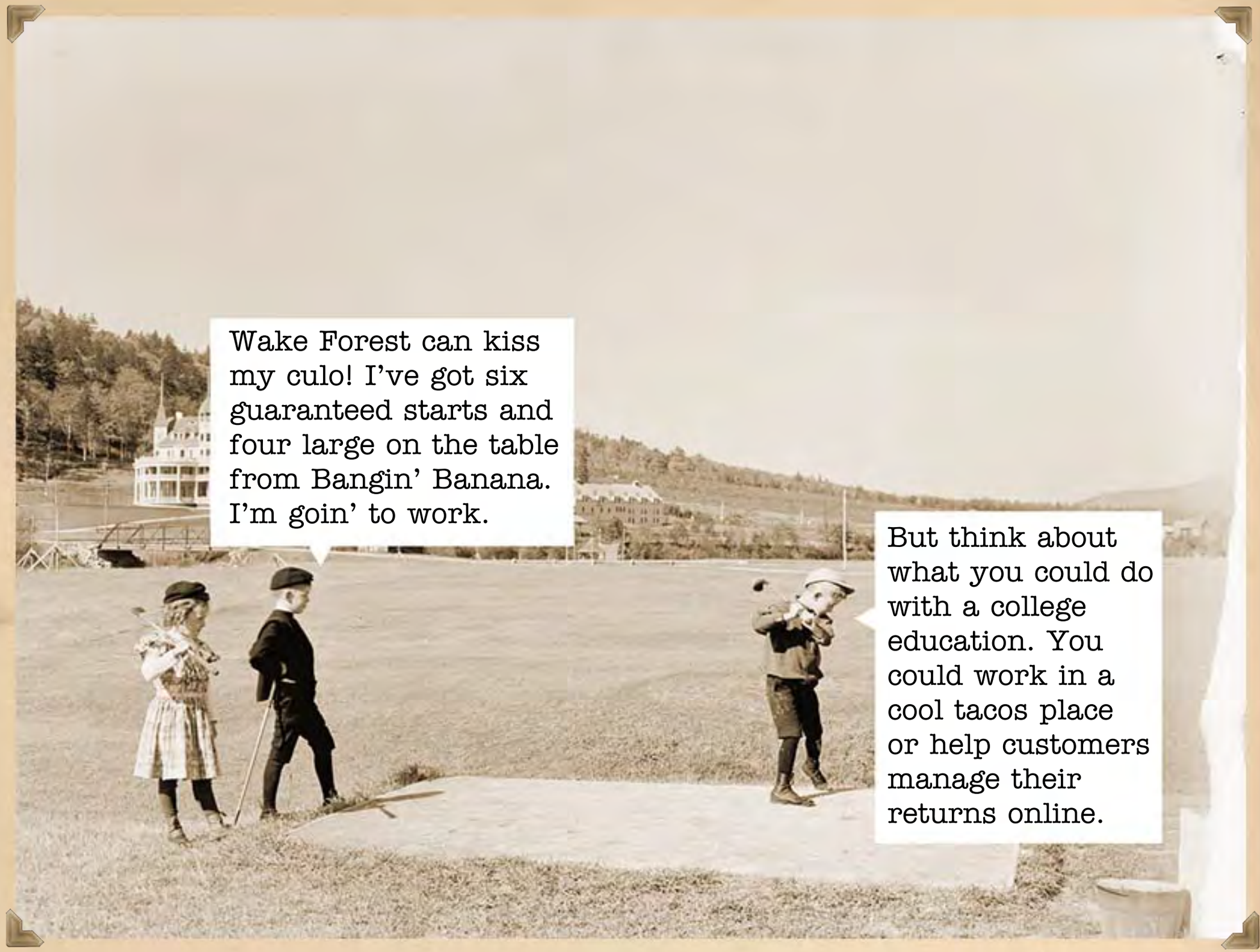
42. Nosotros pronto seremos ricos.



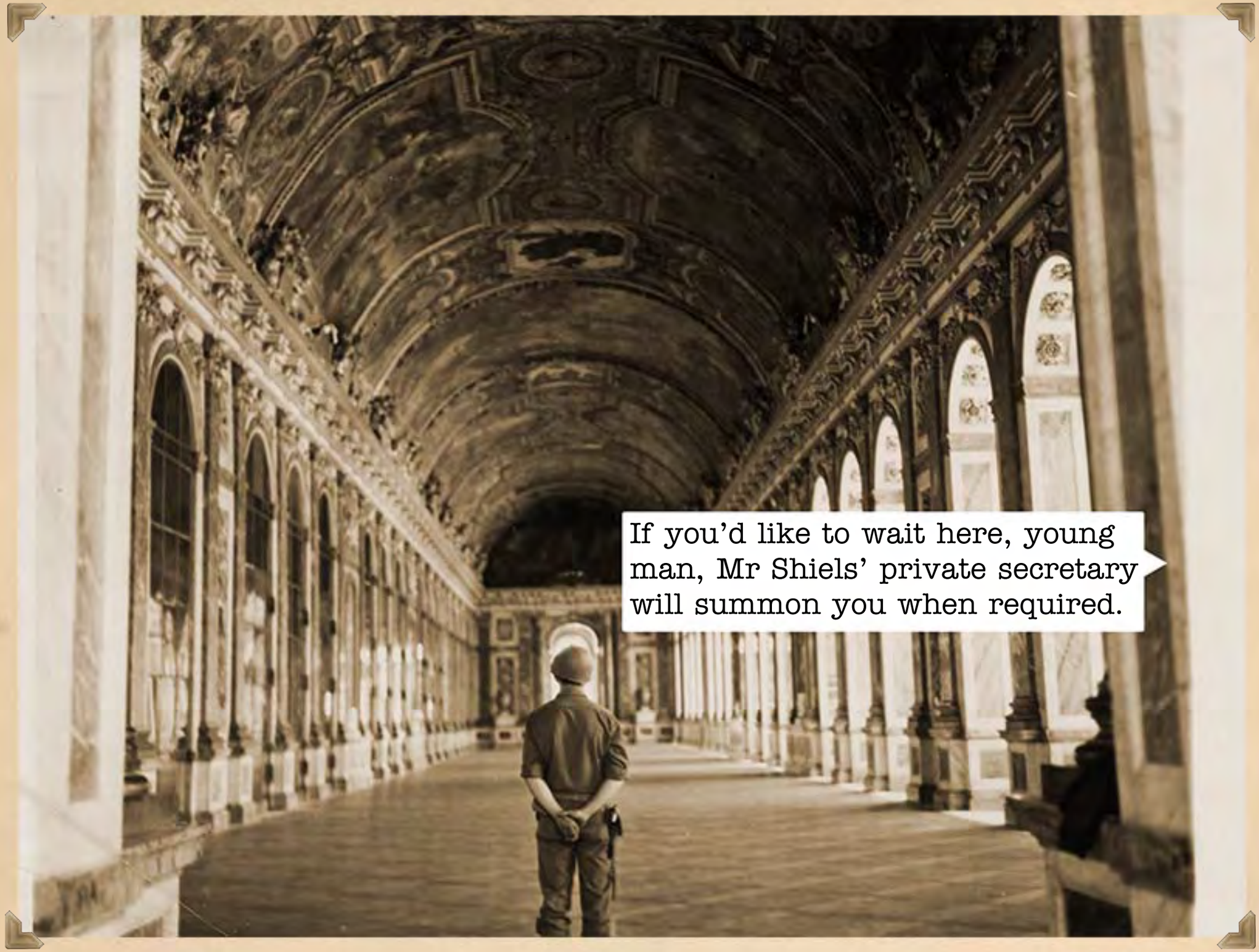
43. Siempre esperando.



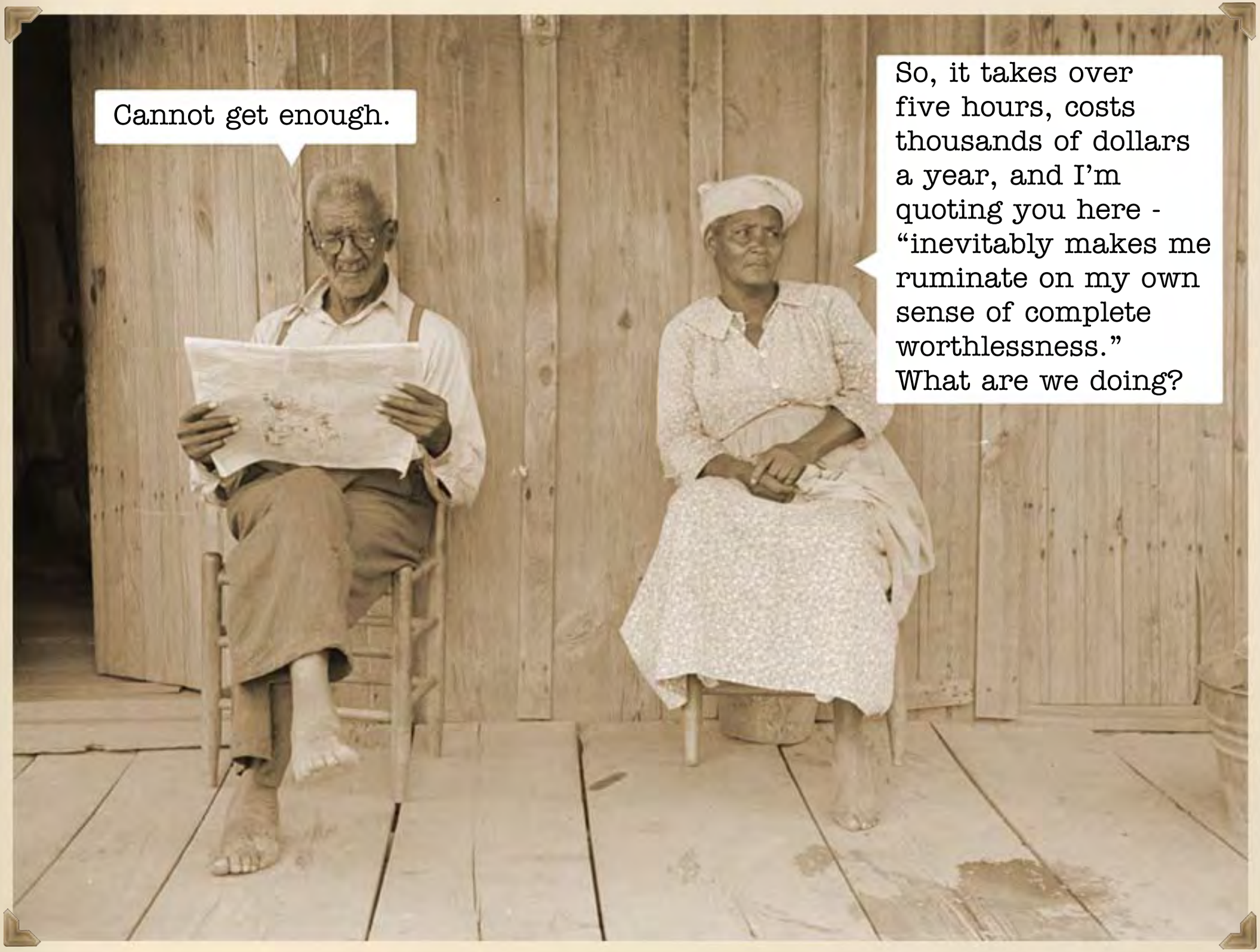
Mr Robert T. Jones on his way to inspect the new championship tee on the 12th hole of the Old Course.


Wake Forest can kiss my culo! I've got six guaranteed starts and four large on the table from Bangin' Banana. I'm goin' to work.
But think about what you could do with a college education. You could work in a cool tacos place or help customers manage their returns online.

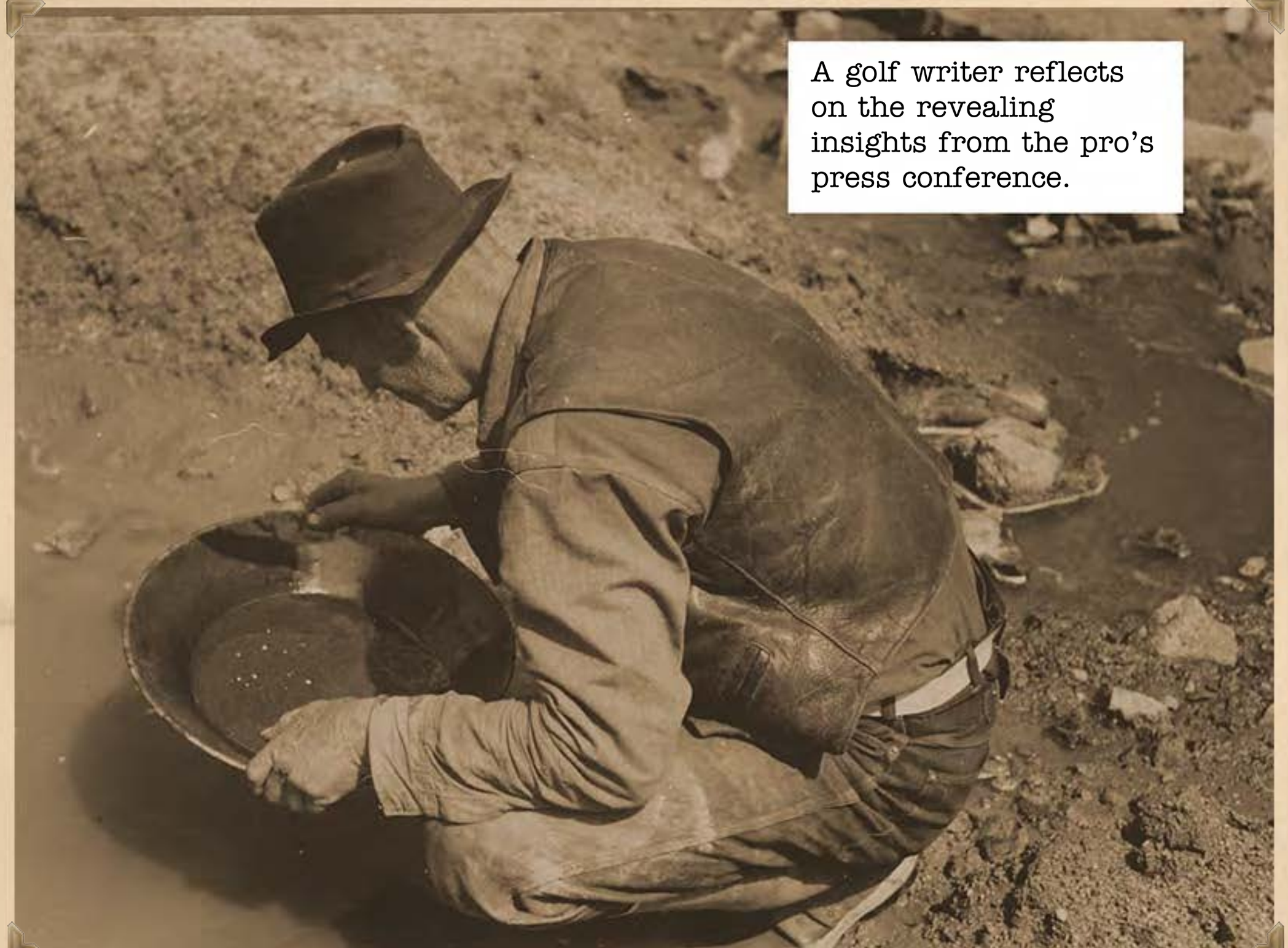
Tour players, princess... Tour players.
This was so much fun last year. Who took the slopes away, Grandpa?



47. Él espera al rey.


Cannot get enough.
So, it takes over five hours, costs thousands of dollars a year, and I'm quoting you here - "inevitably makes me ruminate on my own sense of complete worthlessness." What are we doing?

48. Ella recuerda ser una niña.



A golf writer reflects on the revealing insights from the pro's press conference.

49. Una vida sin alegria.

We are the strong, independent voice of fruit. A beacon in the darkness.
This show is sponsored by Bangin' Banana - the banana that bangs best.
WMAL
Columbia
Columbia

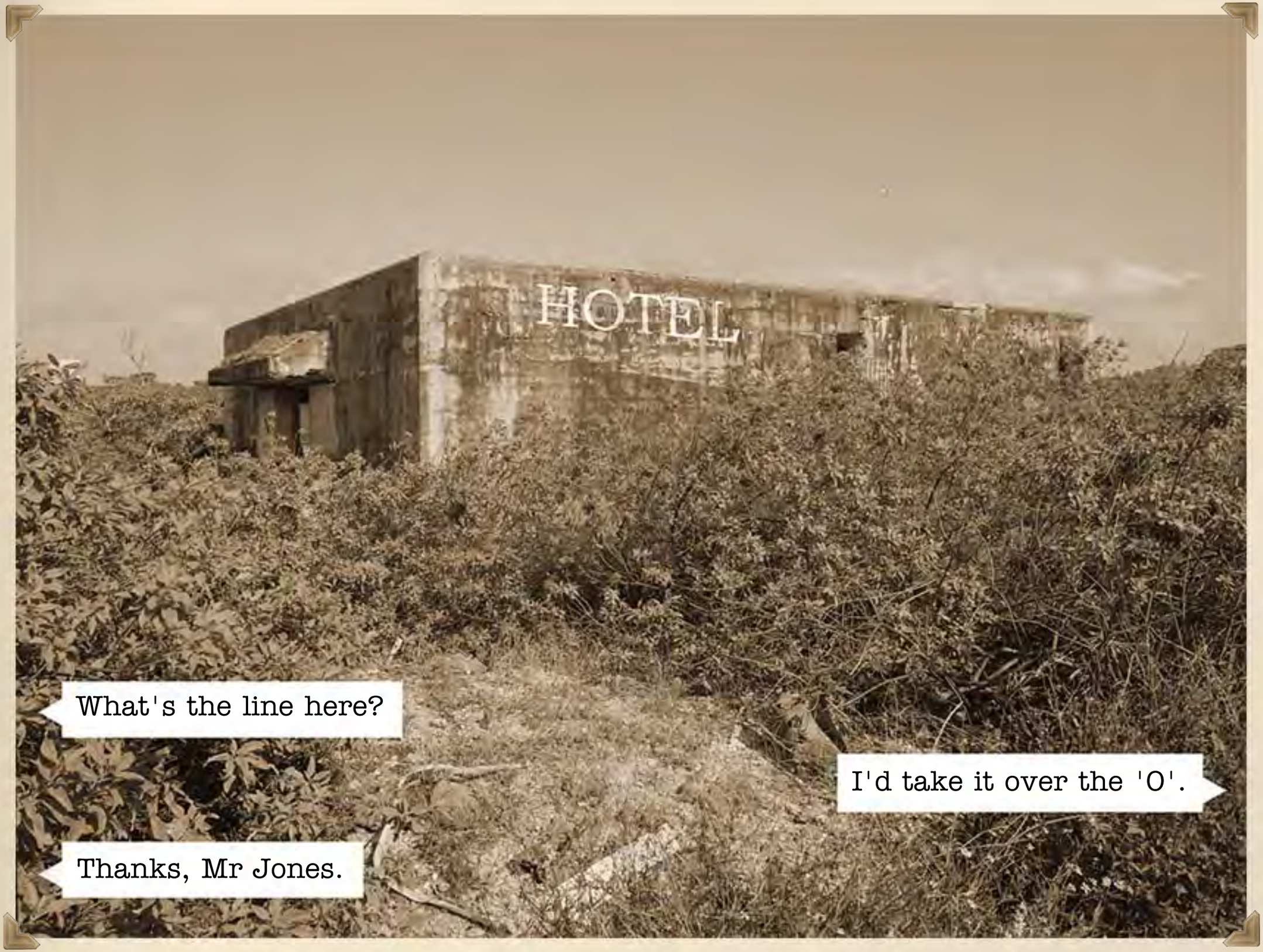
50. Les pagan por decír esto.

Sure is, bro. We're all headed to Zero Torque City. No one misses 10-footers there.
Say "NO" to toe flow!
Arcs are for squares!
Is this the golf puff-wagon?

51. Buen viaje.

52. Cansado y hambriento.

53 . ¿Hay alguien en casa?

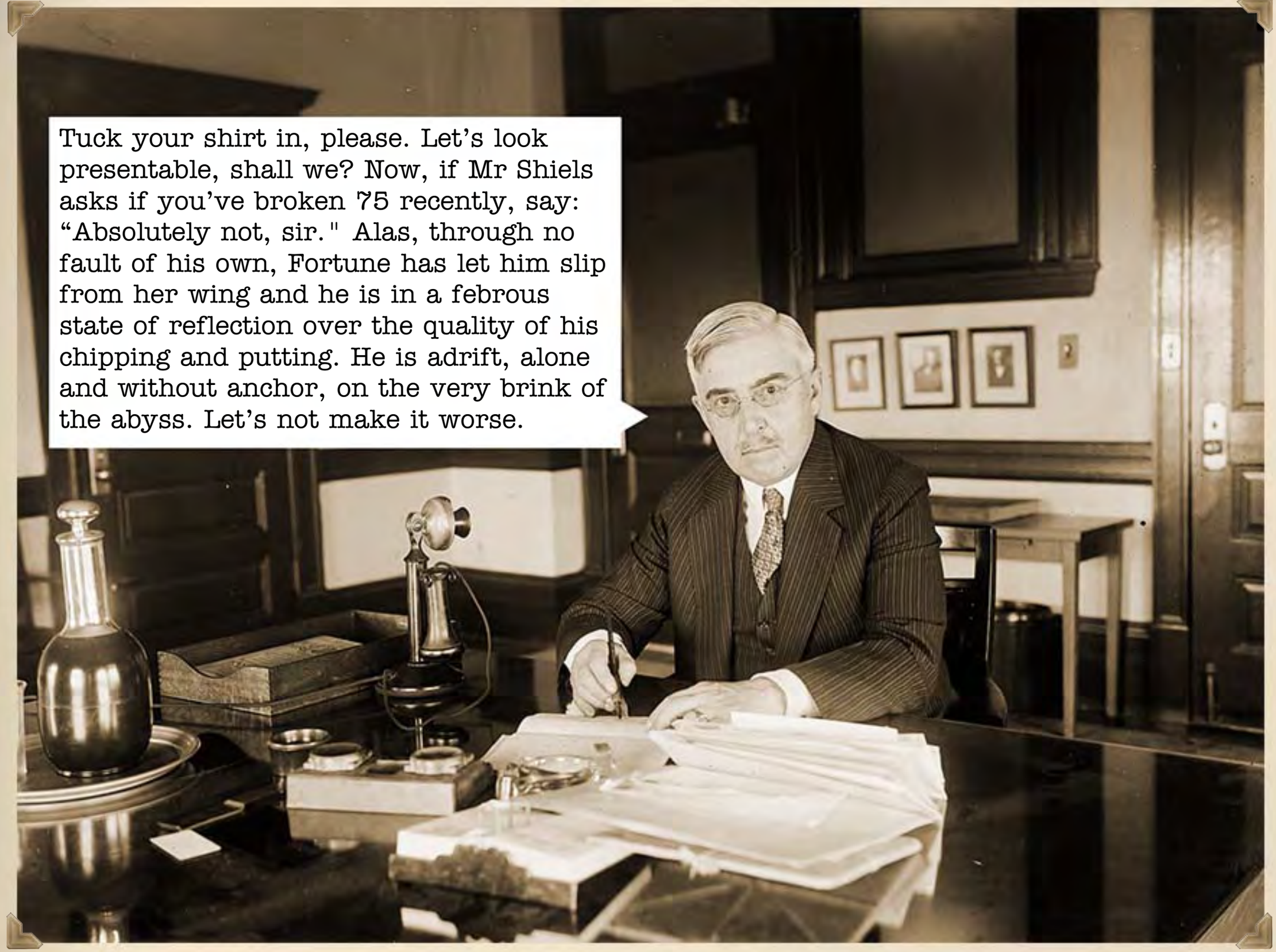

HOTEL
What's the line here?
I'd take it over the 'O'.
Thanks, Mr Jones.

55. Lástima cruel.

Apologies, ladies. He’s not coming. Apparently, and I appreciate this sounds a bit made up, he’s been arrested for damaging a police officer's pants. I'm sure he would have loved the ice thing.

56. Él no puede venir.

57. El escudero da pero también toma.


Tuck your shirt in, please. Let's look presentable, shall we? Now, if Mr Shiels asks if you've broken 75 recently, say: "Absolutely not, sir." Alas, through no fault of his own, Fortune has let him slip from her wing and he is in a febrous state of reflection over the quality of his chipping and putting. He is adrift, alone and without anchor, on the very brink of the abyss. Let's not make it worse.

58. Él guarda el premio.

59. El oro lo es todo.

Carbon gives me a hard...
I hope this case of pesos is enough for the new driver. They say I need it.
Quiet, José! There are Carbonite nuns here.
Aerospace-grade titanium is for suckers, Sister.
I love the pilgrimage to Carbon Face Junction.

60. Ellas siguen.

61. No es justo.

Meet plantAIn, Bangin' Banana's new neural network. It designed the latest product line, and will soon be calculating the paltry terms of my inevitable lay-off.

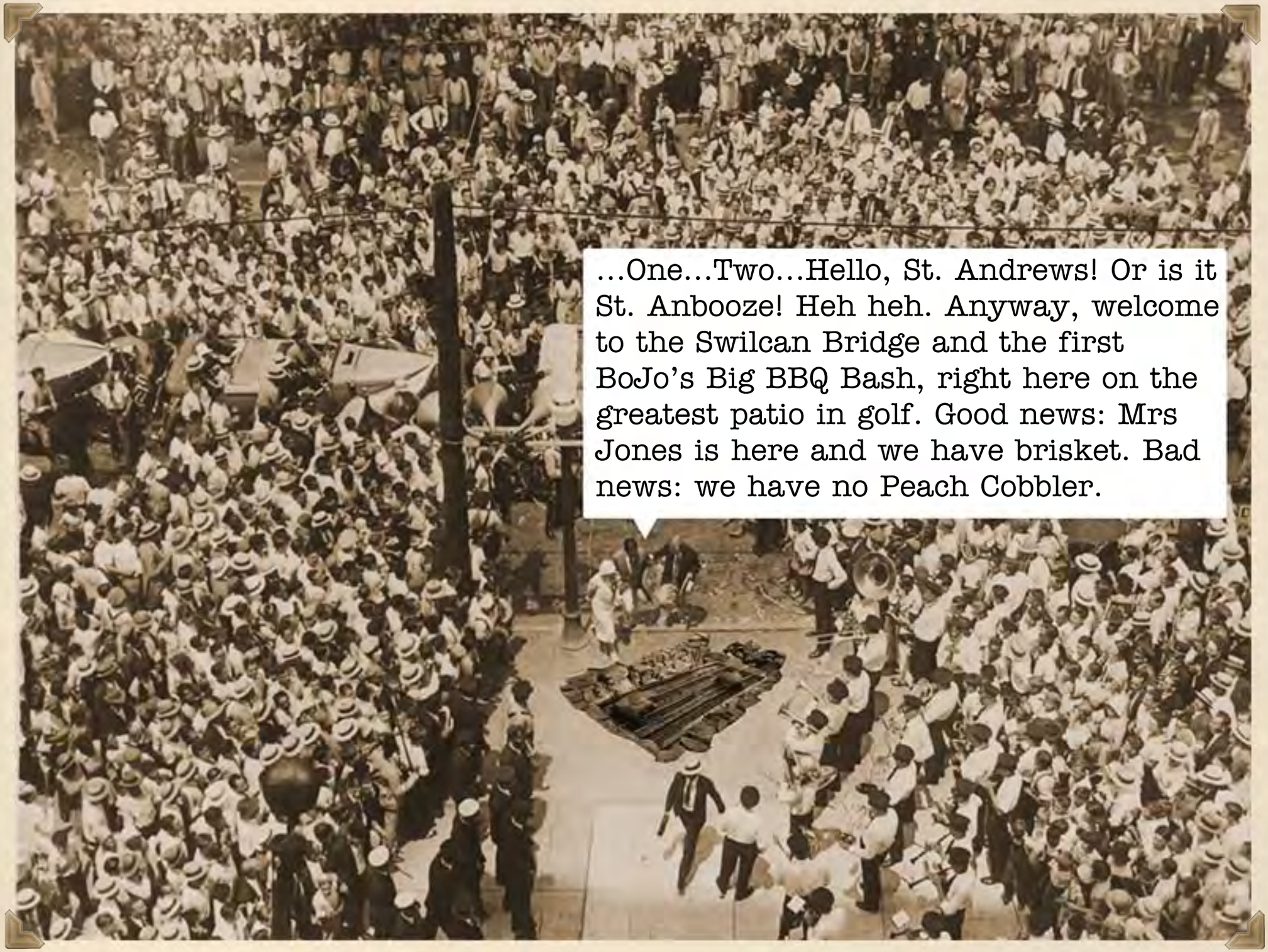
62. También muerto pronto.

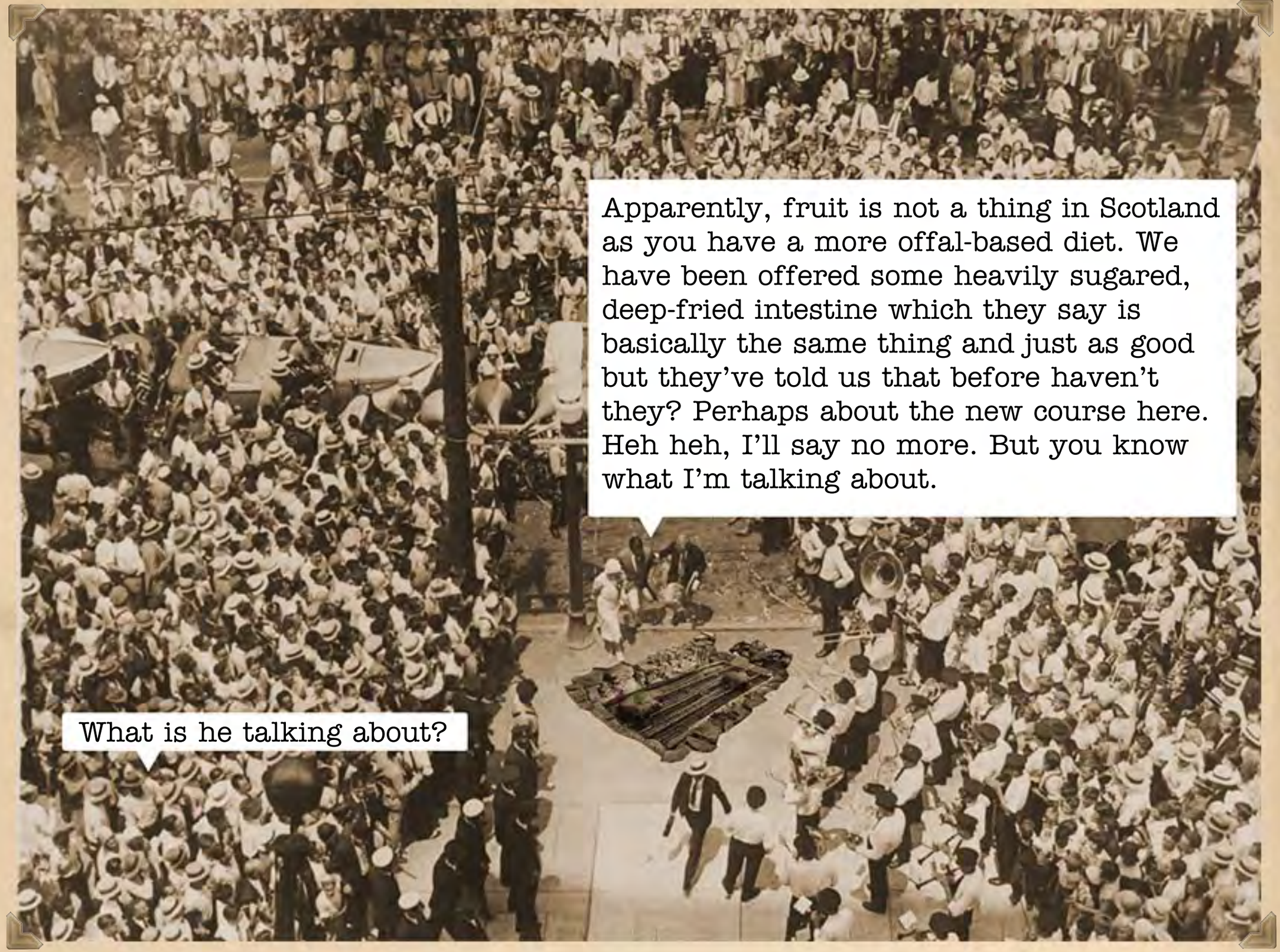
63. Madre infeliz!

I'm glad I took a stance, more so if it highlights the issues within the region, especially next door in Yemen. I've seen the numbers. In Yemen, 22 million people are facing starvation, 11.5 million of them kids.

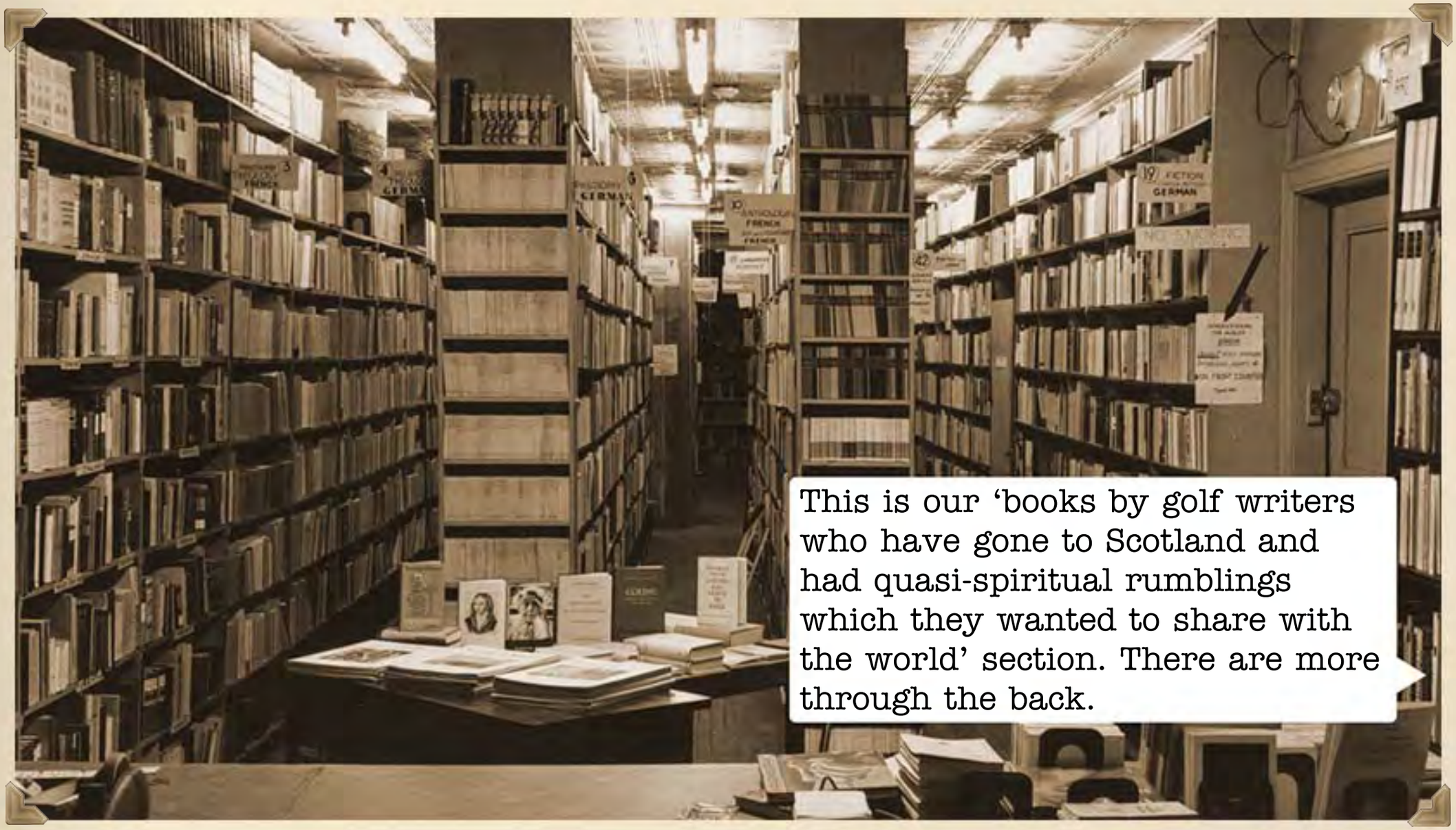
64. El payaso tiene dos caras.

65. El barco trae esperanza.


...One...Two...Hello, St. Andrews! Or is it St. Anbooze! Heh heh. Anyway, welcome to the Swilcan Bridge and the first BoJo's Big BBQ Bash, right here on the greatest patio in golf. Good news: Mrs Jones is here and we have brisket. Bad news: we have no Peach Cobbler.


Apparently, fruit is not a thing in Scotland as you have a more offal-based diet. We have been offered some heavily sugared, deep-fried intestine which they say is basically the same thing and just as good but they've told us that before haven't they? Perhaps about the new course here. Heh heh, I'll say no more. But you know what I'm talking about.
What is he talking about?

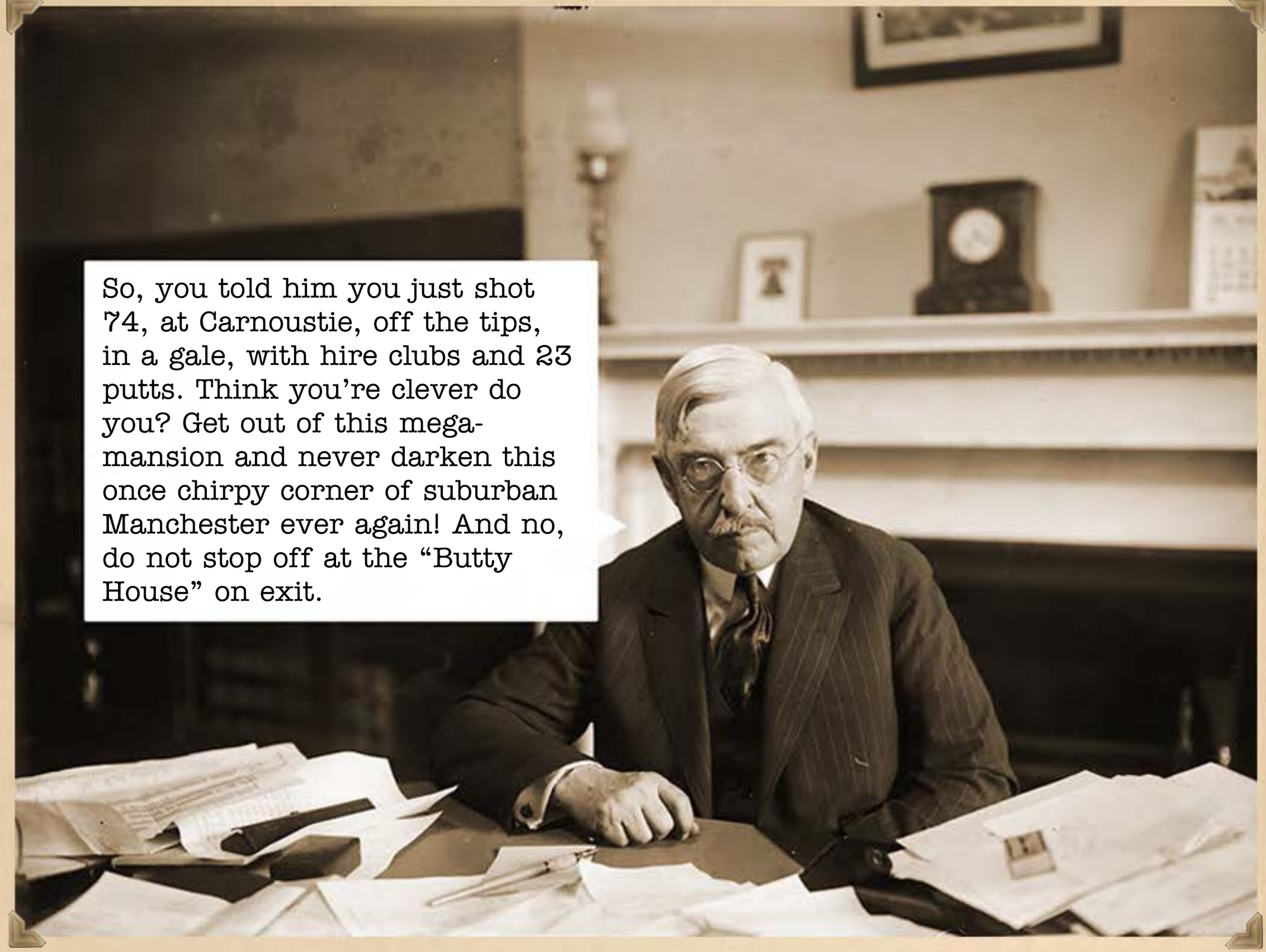
67. Él también trae chistes.


19 FICTION
GERMAN
This is our ‘books by golf writers who have gone to Scotland and had quasi-spiritual rumblings which they wanted to share with the world’ section. There are more through the back.

When faced with doubt, I like to close my eyes and imagine heaven as being made entirely from carbon fiber.
Amen, Sister Juanita. Look! There's one with the Rickie pix.

69. Las Carbonites.

The Times of Tecate says it's the golf equipment companies who are the real heroes. I agree.
Legalizing marijuana is the worst thing this state ever did. Your critical faculty is in bits and you're only 26.
And while we're on the subject, buying all these Seth Rogen accouterments does not legitimize your new "hobby".

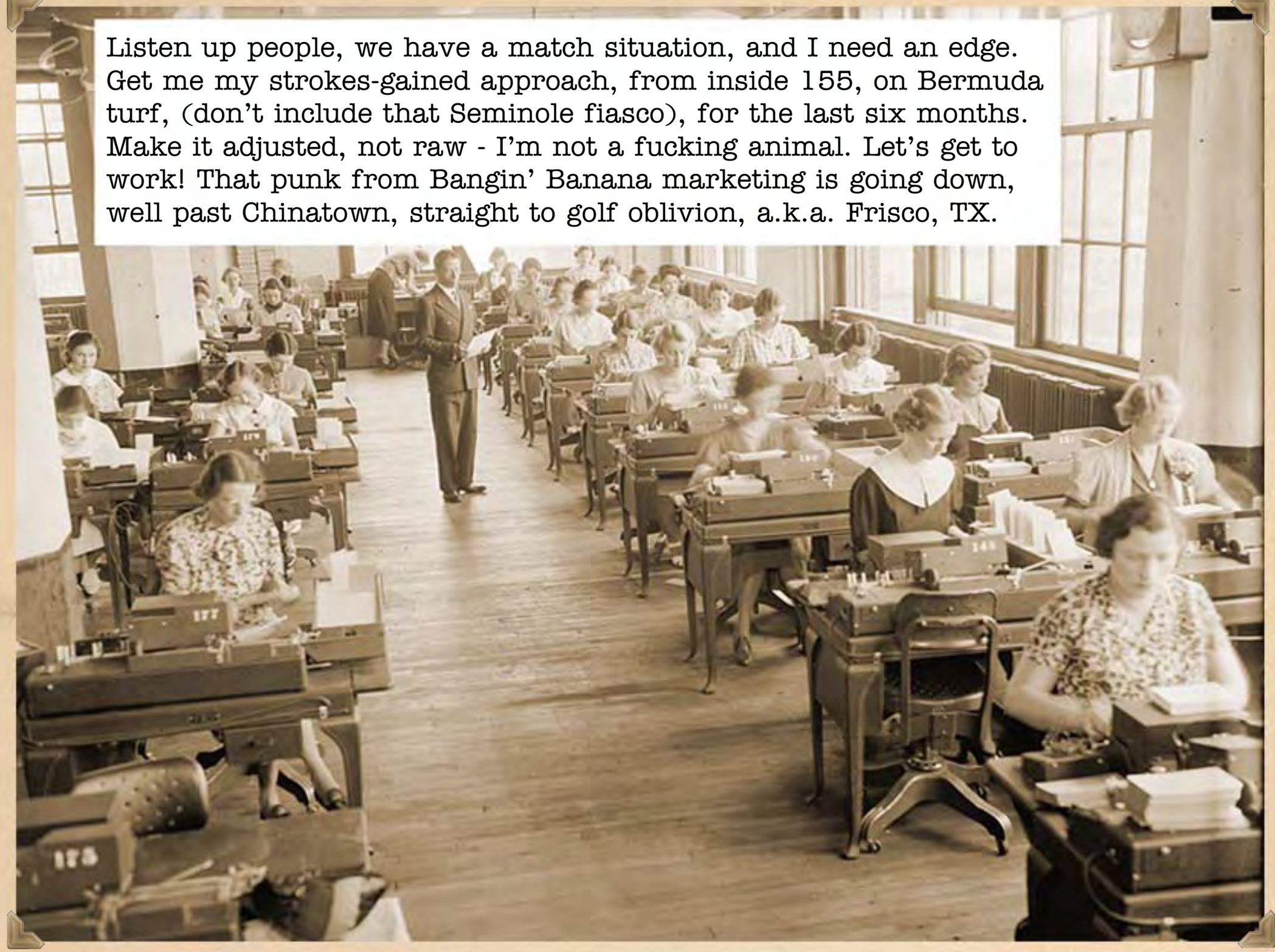

So, you told him you just shot 74, at Carnoustie, off the tips, in a gale, with hire clubs and 23 putts. Think you're clever do you? Get out of this mega-mansion and never darken this once chirpy corner of suburban Manchester ever again! And no, do not stop off at the "Butty House" on exit.

71. Él prefiere jugar al pádel.

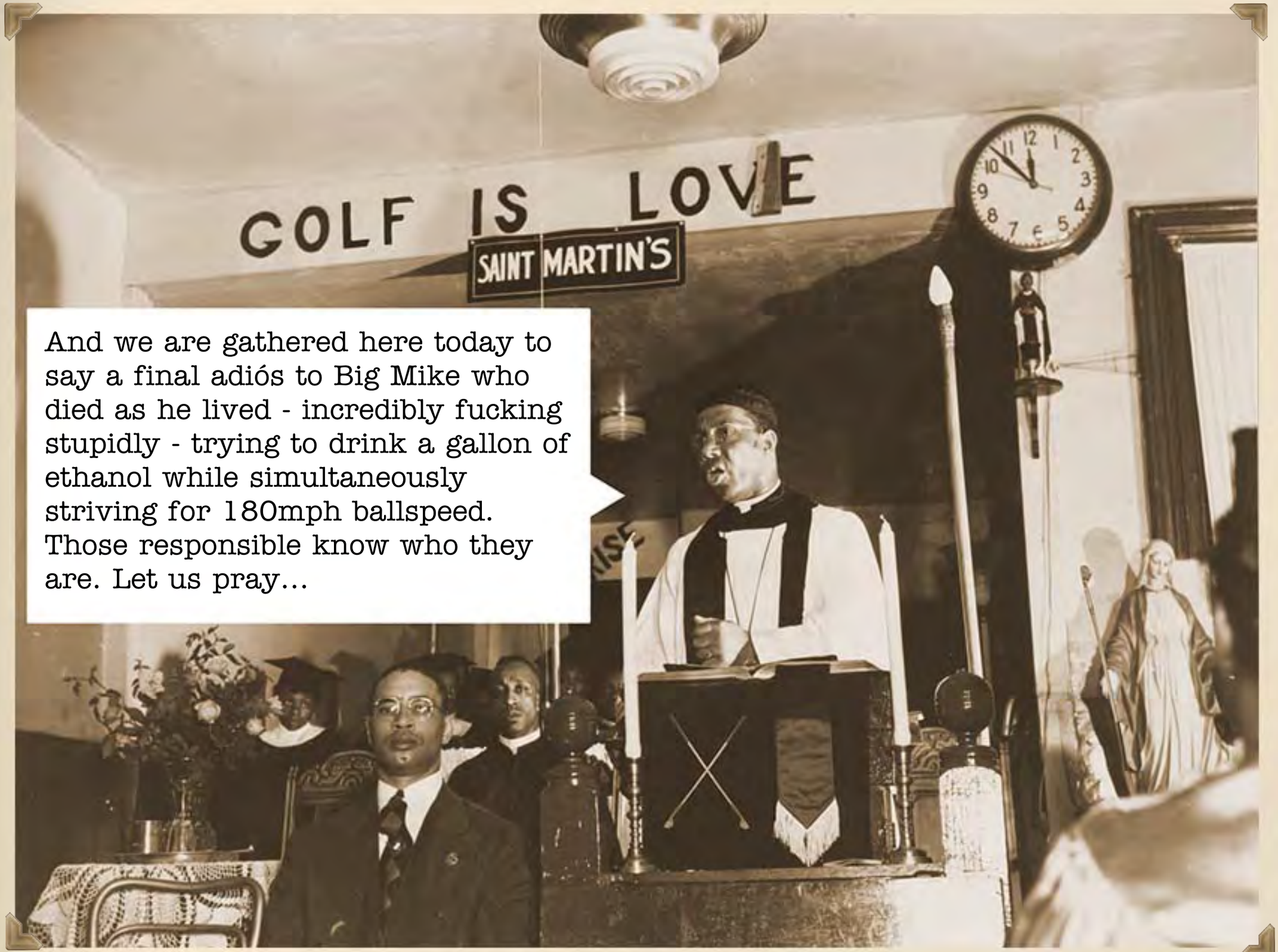
You think you've got it bad. On the 15th tee, I had to par in for a 78 - best score ever. Shot 87. Tripled two Par 3s. Pretty much the worst thing that can happen to someone.

72. No equívocado.

Listen up people, we have a match situation, and I need an edge. Get me my strokes-gained approach, from inside 155, on Bermuda turf, (don't include that Seminole fiasco), for the last six months. Make it adjusted, not raw - I'm not a fucking animal. Let's get to work! That punk from Bangin' Banana marketing is going down, well past Chinatown, straight to golf oblivion, a.k.a. Frisco, TX.



73. Ganancias marginales.


GOLF IS LOVE
SAINT MARTIN'S
And we are gathered here today to say a final adiós to Big Mike who died as he lived - incredibly fucking stupidly - trying to drink a gallon of ethanol while simultaneously striving for 180mph ballspeed. Those responsible know who they are. Let us pray...

Interesting. The sign says: "Cash the Redeemer - erected in 1929 by the Tour's religious-studies group in honor of their greatest inspiration."

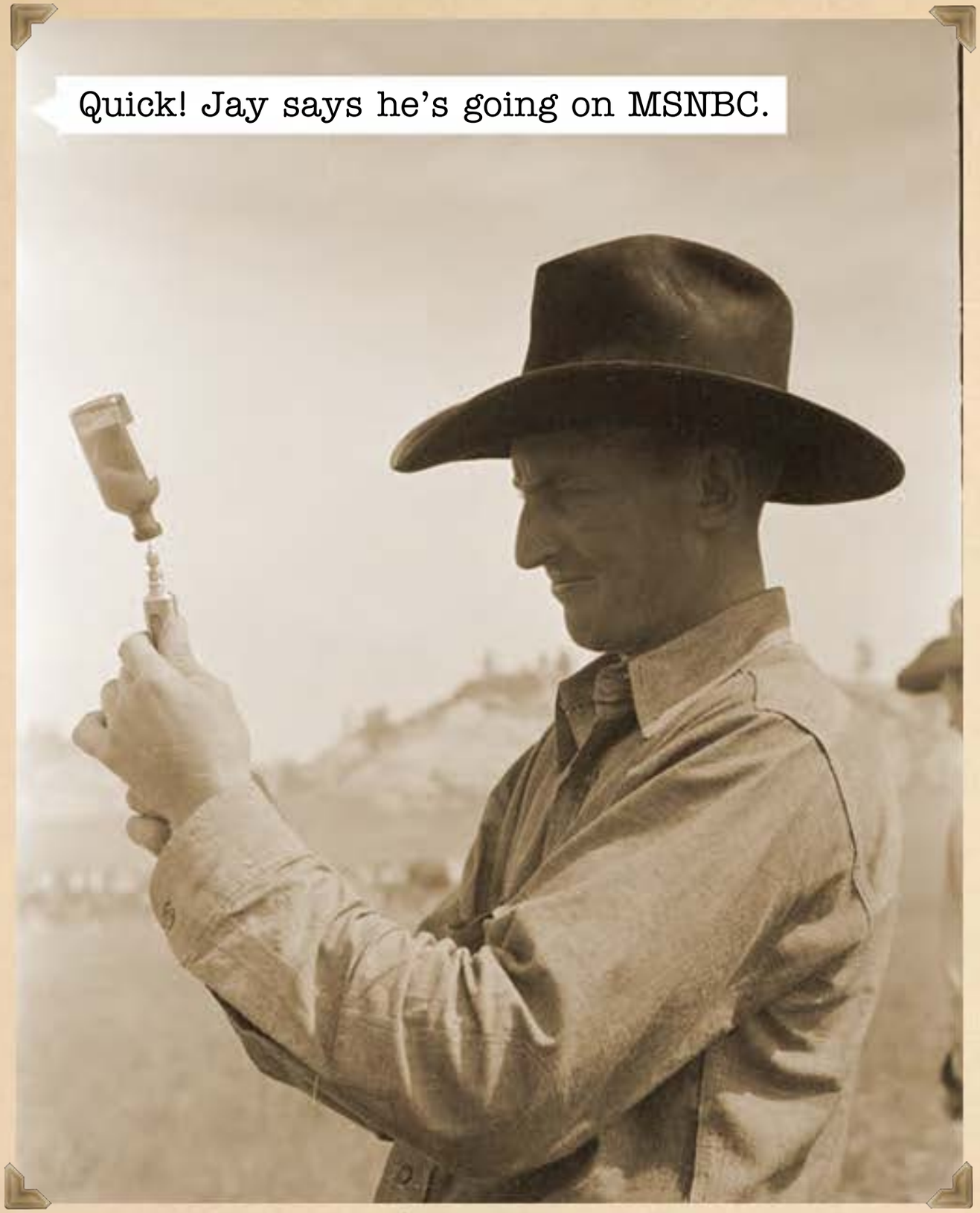
75. El monumento.

76. Su corazón está en otro lugar.

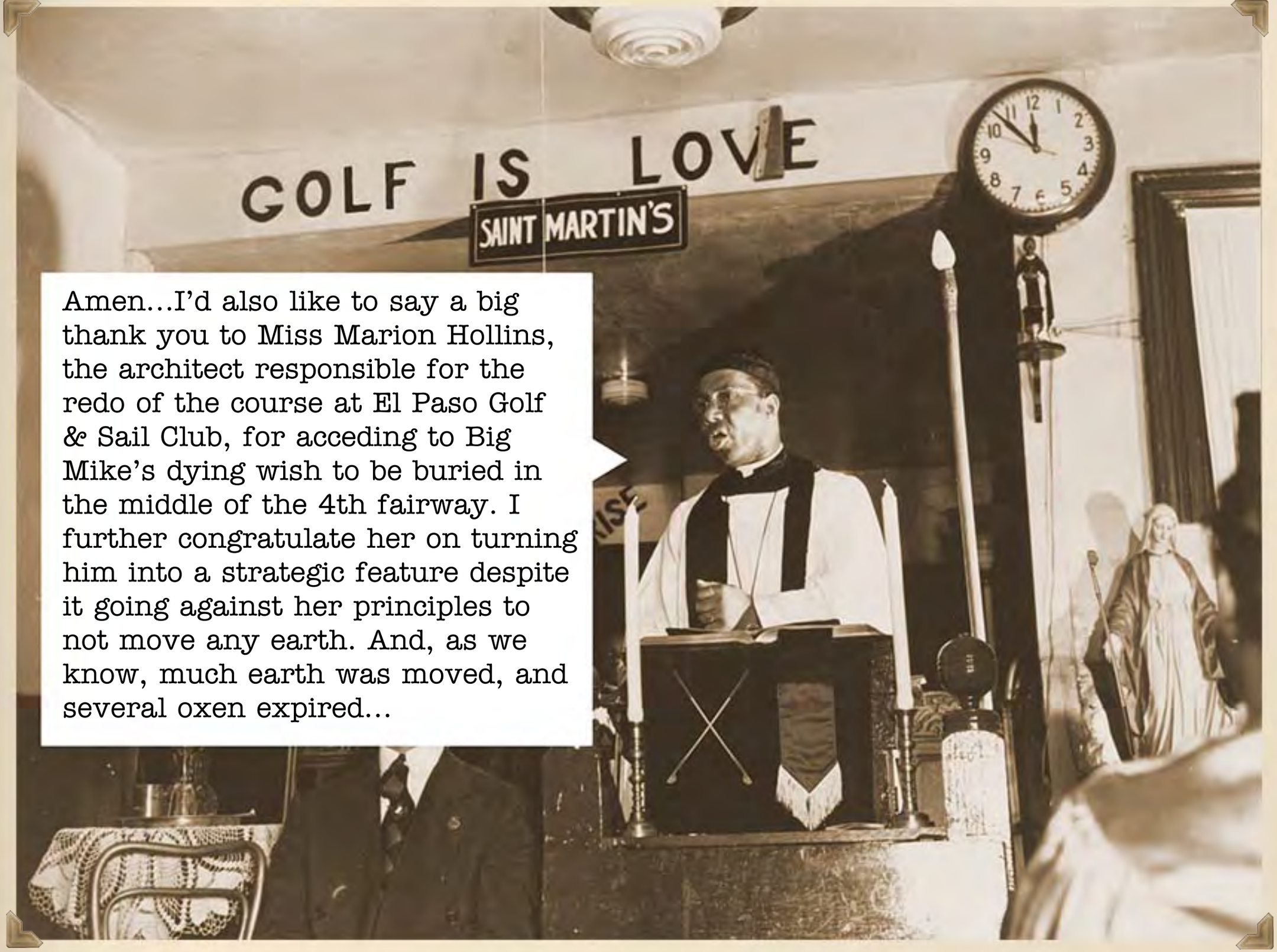
77. Se olvida.

Not a Fun. Day. Ded.

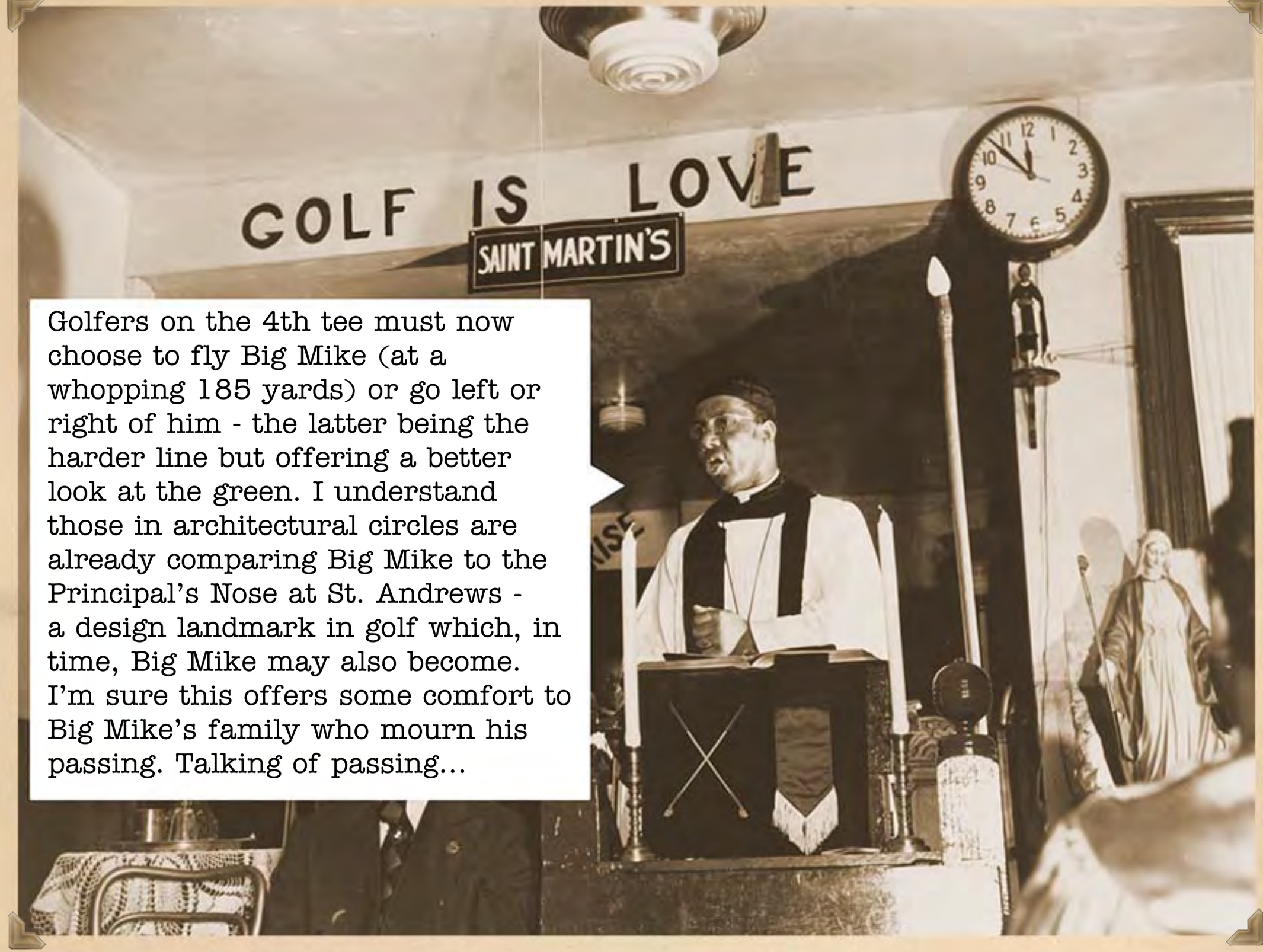
78. Esto es malo.



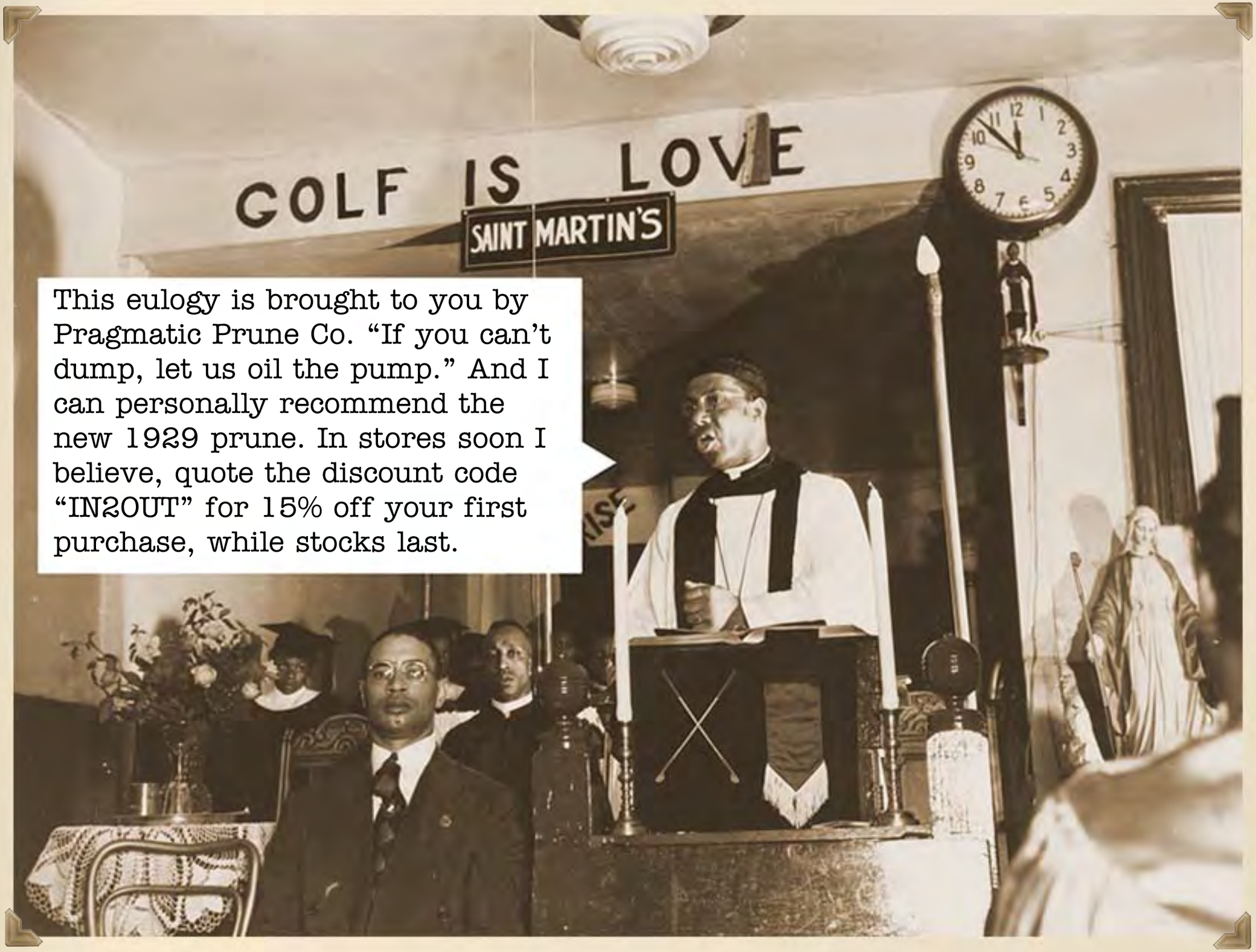
79. Yo lo ví.



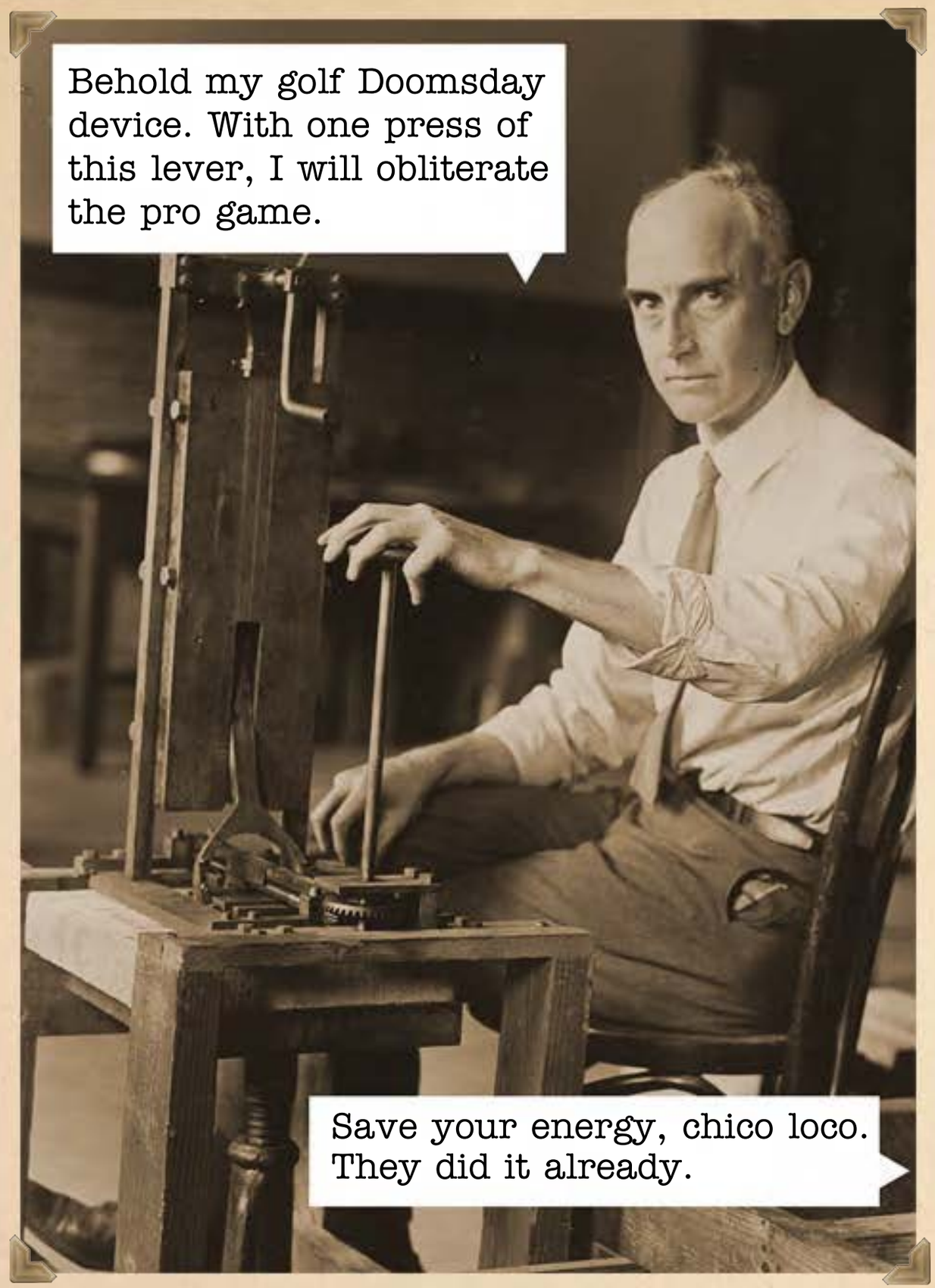
Amen...I'd also like to say a big thank you to Miss Marion Hollins, the architect responsible for the redo of the course at El Paso Golf & Sail Club, for acceding to Big Mike's dying wish to be buried in the middle of the 4th fairway. I further congratulate her on turning him into a strategic feature despite it going against her principles to not move any earth. And, as we know, much earth was moved, and several oxen expired...



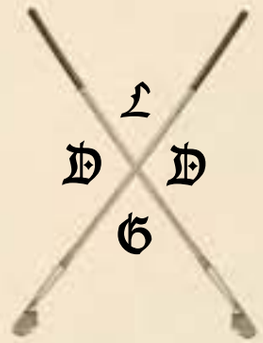
Golfers on the 4th tee must now choose to fly Big Mike (at a whopping 185 yards) or go left or right of him - the latter being the harder line but offering a better look at the green. I understand those in architectural circles are already comparing Big Mike to the Principal's Nose at St. Andrews - a design landmark in golf which, in time, Big Mike may also become. I'm sure this offers some comfort to Big Mike's family who mourn his passing. Talking of passing...


GOLF IS LOVE
SAINT MARTIN'S
This eulogy is brought to you by Pragmatic Prune Co. “If you can’t dump, let us oil the pump.” And I can personally recommend the new 1929 prune. In stores soon I believe, quote the discount code “IN2OUT” for 15% off your first purchase, while stocks last.

82. No tienes que sufrir.


Behold my golf Doomsday device. With one press of this lever, I will obliterate the pro game.
Save your energy, chico loco. They did it already.

83. Él está decepcionado.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Editor’s Note.

This reproduction of "Los Desastres del Golf"' is based on the original manuscript found in the library of a old Carbonite nunnery in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico in 1975. Following the death of the last sister, property developers located the book hidden within a partition wall, inside a stained, green leather pouch. This was tied shut with string, at the other end of which was a paper tag upon which someone had written: "Las palabras del Diablo. Cara de carbono para siempre." Pinned to the manuscript was a note by a different, shakier hand. It read: "Disculpas a todos por todo, especialmente por la tortuga." The identity of the author of this note, and of “Los Desastres”, remains unknown.